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## The Week

AS we go to press the news from Italy is of the best. Not only have the Austrians been defeated in their offensive, they have been thrown back across the Piave, with the Italians pursuing them on the eastern bank, which they have held since last fall. This is as surprising as it is encouraging and gratifying. It will hearten the Allies as it will the United States, and it will give fresh courage to the hard-pressed French. Italians everywhere may well feel proud of the way their country has recovered from disasters which seemed irretrievable. To the French and British troops in Italy must of course go some of the credit. They held their positions and yielded not an inch, but that does not detract from the high praise due the Italians for rebuilding the *morale* of their troops and so inspiriting them as to make this victory one of the brightest and perhaps one of the most far-reaching of the whole war. This time even nature fought for the Italians, for the rising of the Piave behind the Austrians created the worst possible situation for the invaders.

SHOULD this Austrian defeat become a military disaster, it may easily have the most far-reaching consequences. The news from Austria as to internal conditions need not be taken at its face value to make it plain that the crisis is graver than ever before. The resignation of the Cabinet as a whole was probably induced by early private news that the offensive was a total failure. But more important than that are the detailed stories of want and suffering, of lack of food, of the rebuff by Ludendorff of the Austrian appeal for foodstuffs to keep their army and people alive. The strikes speak for themselves, and altogether everything at home must make Kaiser Karl wish that he might indite at least a dozen more letters to Prince Sixtus in the hope of bringing about peace. While the defeat will intensify the disgust in the German army with the inability of the Austrians to carry on an offensive by themselves, on the other hand it will add enormously to the war weariness among the Austrian soldiery, whose confidence in their generals can never have been very great since the early days of the war. Perhaps most important of all is the fact that this places the whole burden of a possible victory upon the Germans in France. The U-boat has failed, and the Italians have put an end to any possibility for months to come, if at all, of bringing about the collapse of that nation and its suing for peace. Hence the German Kaiser must now again attack and attack promptly, for if he does not show results at the close of the fighting season, he will have to deal with a popular dissatisfaction and disappointment which will assuredly be most serious. The probability is, therefore, that we shall see the launching of a more formidable offensive than we have yet witnessed in a final effort to reach either Paris or the coast. The situation in France remains grave indeed; the reverse in Italy makes it more than ever apparent that the crisis of the war is at hand.

DISPATCHES from Paris regarding the measures which were being taken for the defence of the city and the safety of its inhabitants, have been a feature of the war news almost daily for the past two or three weeks. The accounts began to come when the German drive was resumed, and when it appeared clearer than ever that Paris was the objective. For a few days the tone was one of entire confidence. Premier Clemenceau declared that the danger was remote, and that in any case Paris would never be taken. Senators and Deputies who had visited the front returned to say the same thing. All this, of course, was for popular effect, and especially, no doubt, for popular effect abroad. That the French Government took the situation very seriously, however, is shown by the summoning of General Guillaumat from Salonica to take charge of the military defence of the city, the formation of a special committee to coördinate other defence measures, and the preparation of plans for the evacuation of the civil population in case the German armies reached a point where a bombardment of Paris with ordinary long-range guns was possible. The problem is complicated by the presence in Paris of thousands of refugees from the districts recently invaded, and the necessity of providing food, clothing, shelter, and medical attention before sending the unfortunates to the south and west.

THERE appears to be some ground for thinking that the demand for armed intervention in Russia, which has been pressed with much insistence during the past few weeks, is moderating. It is now suggested that what Russia needs most of all, at least at the moment, are food and clothing and general economic rehabilitation, and that something worth while can be accomplished in this direction without the aid of a military expedition. A number of commercial organizations, including the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, are reported to have laid before the Department of State some interesting proposals looking to the reopening of trade between this country and Russia. Previous to the overthrow of the Kerensky Government, large quantities of goods, aggregating in volume some millions of dollars, were bought in the United States by the Russian coöperative societies. The fall of Kerensky put a stop to trade, and the goods are still awaiting shipment. It is now proposed that some of the most necessary of these goods, and perhaps only a single cargo at first, be shipped to Russia, and that Russian raw materials be brought back in return. By making the actual exchange in this country, selling the Russian products here to pay for the American goods sent over, the difficulties due to the depletion of the Russian gold supply and the depreciation of the ruble would, it is believed, be circumvented. The transaction, in other words, would have somewhat the character of barter. "Helping Russia" would become, to this extent, a reality.

A MORE elaborate plan for helping Russia by joint action, but without the use of an army, is set forth by an American engineer in a recent number of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*. The writer proposes a joint Allied commercial and trading commission, advancing westward

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along the line of the Siberian railway, with only such military protection as might be necessary to insure its safety. The commission would rebuild the railway, and purchase wheat, hides, flax, and other Siberian products, selling in return the necessaries of life which are so urgently needed. Rubles issued by the commission, presumably under some kind of international guarantee, are suggested as the medium of exchange. The common element in the two plans is the belief that, whatever the political relations with the Russian Government may be, the material supplies which Russia imperatively needs ought by all means to be got into the country, and without delay, if Russia is not to collapse. As the American engineer just quoted points out, the occupation of Siberia would not suffice. It is European Russia that faces the German penetration, and whatever supplies enter from the east must make their way as soon as possible towards the west. We cannot but hope that the Administration, which for months appears to have done little but dally with the Russian situation, will give some attention to these and kindred proposals. Russia is in too grave a condition to be dealt with by inactivity and negation.

THE latest revelations of widespread fraud in army contracts are certainly of a kind to demand serious consideration. The particular device of illegal commissions, exacted by go-betweens in return for their influence, real or pretended, over the allotment of contracts, is an old one, and the Government is not free from blame if it did not guard against it, as far as possible, in the terms of the contracts which it has drawn up. The precise extent of legal culpability in some of the cases is not clear, and the Department of Justice is reported to favor leniency with agents whose operations appear to have been "innocent." We cannot think that profiteering in war contracts, whether the profiteer is a department clerk, a Cabinet officer's secretary, or a professional go-between, is in any case entitled to be classed as an innocent occupation, or that anything short of publicity, in addition to legal punishment, will cure the evil. On the heels of the contract exposures comes the charge, laid before the Federal Trade Commission at New York, that a firm of Chicago packers has been furnishing the army and navy with meat politely described as "unfit for human consumption." The roll of humiliation is completed for the moment—one may devoutly pray that it may have been completed once for all—by the Western Union Telegraph Company, which, it is now charged, has been pocketing the money paid by its patrons for the dispatch of night letters or deferred messages by wire, and sending the messages by train at the expense of the railways. The Government cannot afford to stay its hand with any of these various offenders if they are guilty.

IT is unfortunate for the Western Union that this unpleasant charge should receive wide publicity at a time when the important controversy with its employees is still pending. President Carlton's case, as presented in the pamphlet issued to the public, rests on three points: first, the contention that the principles of the War Labor Board cannot have been intended to compel the unionization of non-union industries; second, the claim that unionization would threaten the continuity of service; and third, the anti-union position of the Post Office Department. The first two points Mr. Taft had already met by showing that under the proposed compromise the company would not be obliged to recognize the union, and that no strikes would be permitted. On the third, whatever the principle involved, we fear that Mr. Carlton will have to quote some more popular authority than Mr. Burleson if he is to command much sympathy. The fact is that the company simply refuses to accept the decision of the majority of the Board appointed by the President to deal with just such cases. This brings us to the important fact, however, that the Board divided seven to five on the question of approving the Taft-Walsh compromise, the five workers and the two chairmen voting against the five employers. The problem is far simpler where the question is essentially one of wages and hours in a prosperous industry, as is shown in the acceptance by the General Electric Company and its 21,000 employers, even after a strike had already been voted, of the Board's proposal for arbitration.

PATRIOTIC citizens and members of the academic profession alike must blush as they read a pamphlet that we have just received from the University of Wisconsin, signed by Chief Justice Winslow, President Van Hise, and Dean Birge, detailing, with documentary proofs, a recent bit of university history. On April 6 last, Professor McElroy, of Princeton, who was touring the country in behalf of the National Security League, spoke at Madison. The audience was apparently not interested, and a large part of it left during the address. The University cadet corps, however, which had previously marched two miles in the rain, was present under orders; and the students, being thus unable to withdraw, showed their lack of interest by the shuffling of feet and other means dear to student hearts. At this, Professor McElroy lost his temper, and made certain remarks in a low tone, not heard even by persons near the platform. A few days later, in an interview in the New York *Tribune*, he declared that he had deliberately insulted the students by saying: "I think you're a bunch of damned traitors!" and that they had not in the least resented his remark. Hence he inferred their disloyalty, and declared that the West was full of pro-Germanism. The pamphlet in question, after rehearsing these facts, adds the following recital: As soon as the interview above mentioned was printed, the University faculty promptly asked "reparation" from the Security League for the acts of its agent. President Menken, of the League, came to Madison on May 11 and investigated the incident. On May 13, in an interview in the Chicago *Tribune*, he absolved the University and its students from blame and said he "thought that Professor McElroy would issue a statement admitting his misconception of the attitude of the University students and regretting the episode in its entirety." Yet the Executive Committee of the Security League, after hearing President Menken's report, voted that they "fully endorse Dr. McElroy's statements and acts in his Western tour, and the matter shall be regarded as closed." On May 31 the University, after sending two telegrams of inquiry, was at last informed of this action. Such a recital of facts requires no comment in a community of gentlemen.

THE attempt of the Non-Partisan League to conquer Minnesota in the primary of last week ended in an almost complete defeat. Only its candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court seems to have been nominated. Burnquist, the present incumbent of the Governorship, defeated Lindbergh by approximately 50,000 votes, to the great surprise of the

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Leaguers, who had hoped for a clean sweep. It is only fair to say that they fought under the greatest obstacles in that their opponents charged them with lack of loyalty and patriotism and thus became themselves the patriotic party. Again, every kind of abuse and misrepresentation was made use of against the Leaguers. They were declared to be Socialists as well as pro-German, their meetings were broken up, and their leaders arrested. So ruthless were sometimes their opponents that the Leaguers hoped that there would be a reaction in their favor, and that they would profit by their martyrdom. But they counted without their host, and their defeat is so overwhelming that Mr. Townley and his associates hurried back to their stronghold of North Dakota, to hold it in line for themselves at this week's primary.

THE mystery of the President's choice of Mr. Ford as Senator from Michigan remains unsolved even in the face of ex-Governor Osborn's charge that if Mr. Ford is chosen his election will violate a Federal criminal statute. Mr. Osborn, who is to enter the Republican primary together with Truman H. Newberry and perhaps Senator William Alden Smith, makes other quite serious charges against the manufacturer, and the State Chairman vows that only a strong pro-American Republican will be elected. But the Republicans do not deny that many Republicans will vote for Mr. Ford, and that under the State law there is nothing to prevent Democrats from entering and swamping the Republican primary in the interest of the genius of the automobile industry. If Mr. Ford were a man of delicate perception, he would withdraw at once, since, as one who is profiting largely by war contracts, he ought to be morally debarred from taking a seat in Senate or House—it may well be that he is legally ineligible because of his war contracts. But more than that, Mr. Ford's mental equipment is of the poorest for the high office he seeks. He has the guilelessness of a child and the political ignorance of a small schoolboy. Mr. Osborn charges him with having broken a pledge to Olivet College; there are other charges of this character that could be investigated, notably in connection with his brutally sudden dropping of the group of savants he brought together for the peace bureaus he established abroad. He stated that he would give his immense fortune to the Government for the war without interest and rent his steam yacht for a nominal figure. He receives a high price for the chartering of his boat and his fortune is still in his own coffers.

A USEFUL move in preparation for reconstruction is the training school proposed by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, for the training of psychiatric social workers, to assist in the rehabilitation, individual and social, of soldiers suffering from nervous and mental diseases, particularly shell-shock. The course as outlined is intended not so much for occupation teachers or nurses, as for hospital assistants and workers in outpatient departments. The academic instruction will be given this summer at Smith College, beginning July 8, with clinical instruction at the Massachusetts State psychiatric hospital, also at Northampton. Six months' practice at psychopathic clinics in various cities completes the course. The major studies will naturally be sociology, psychology, and social psychiatry, with hygiene and occupational therapy. The result, it is hoped, will be an adequate supply of thoroughly trained women, prepared for work in one of the most difficult fields of reconstruction.

# Lloyd George's Irish Collapse

"A GREAT empire and little minds go ill together," said Burke. We wonder what he would say to-day to the conjunction of the empire and the unstable mind of Lloyd George. Surely no British Prime Minister has ever been placed in a worse plight than he by the complete collapse of his amazing plans for Ireland. It is only a few weeks ago that he was all fire and flame both for coercing Ireland for military purposes and for introducing Home Rule. Parliament must give Home Rule to Ireland, "or the Lloyd George Government will resign," declared his Labor spokesman, George N. Barnes, on April 16 last, the very day upon which Lloyd George himself stated in the Commons that "it is desirable in the interests of the war that we should settle the Irish question and produce something like contentment in Ireland and good-will in America." Self-government in Ireland he further declared to be "an essential war measure." Yet on Thursday last, Lord Curzon announced the abandonment of both conscription and Home Rule, despite all the thundering in the index.

More than that, no Home Rule bill seems even to have been drawn either as an essential war or as a peace measure. As for Irish conscription, what other interpretation can the world put upon its abandonment save that it is a complete victory for the Sinn Fein and the Catholic clergy? John Dillon solemnly warned Lloyd George before the Nationalists withdrew from Parliament that if conscription were applied the "chaos and confusion would be appalling and Ireland would be turned into another Belgium." That fate is now fortunately averted; but Lloyd George's humiliating retreat cannot conceal the fact that his inexplicable policy, or, rather, utter lack of sound policy, has made the Sinn Fein practically the complete master of Ireland, just as it has amazingly advanced the movement for an independent Irish republic—all this from one who was able to make his way into the Premiership solely because of the demand for an efficient man.

Obviously, if England were not at war, Lloyd George could not resign too quickly to avoid dismissal. But a more adroit politician never lived, and, despite the fact that far greater military reverses also are charged to him than were blamed on Mr. Asquith, his fall does not appear imminent. But he now faces a broadside of attacks from all sides. He has pleased neither the Tories of the *Morning Post*, the *Spectator*, and the *Saturday Review*, nor the Liberals of the *Daily News* and the *Manchester Guardian*, nor has he satisfied the Northcliffe press. The chorus of condemnation is so complete as to make it perfectly obvious that he can never recover from this self-inflicted blow to his reputation as a man of firm purpose, of statesmanlike stature. Until the clear light of history is thrown upon this whole episode, it will be impossible to understand what induced him to plunge into such a scheme without having consulted a single Irish leader or having informed himself as to conditions in the island or the state of its public opinion. "In a single month," writes Mr. Massingham in the London *Nation*, "he has estranged England and Ireland more completely than at any time since the early violence of the agrarian rising. . . . He has snatched our answer to Germany out of our mouth, and put into hers the rejoinder to her violation of Belgium." And this he did at the moment when the crisis in France was at its apex, and the British nation ought

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more than at any other time since the war began to have been concentrating its gaze upon the western front! It is not surprising that we are told that the Prime Minister himself is going to explain in a day or two just what has taken place; it will require all his extraordinary acrobatic ability to convince any one that his course is anything else than that of confusion.

It is to be hoped, too, that he will throw some more light upon the alleged conspiracy in Ireland to work with Germany against Great Britain. We have already referred to the entirely unconvincing statement of the British Government as to its proofs that treason was under way. Not one new fact has been produced bearing upon recent happenings save that the man landed from the U-boat on the Irish coast was a former Irish prisoner in Germany. Our own press agencies have asserted that our Government has proofs of a nation-wide Sinn Fein conspiracy, but it has not produced them, and the promised arrests have not materialized at this writing. Was it all an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the world so that conscription could be put over in Ireland?

Meanwhile the Secretary for Ireland has made the astonishing statement in Parliament that although the Government has sufficient evidence to prosecute for treason, it is "not desirable or necessary" to go ahead. In other words, it is to be the old, old story: hundreds upon hundreds of Irishmen are to languish in jail without hopes of a trial, without knowledge of the charges against them. Many of them were arrested in 1916 only to be released within a year. Will this process be repeated now or are they to languish untried for years to come?

# Who Shall Depart with Jeems?

THE American's bill for "attendance," if all the items were in, would probably exceed that of citizens from lands where the term is used—albeit he moves unconscious of his minions, aware of their occasional absence only. We like to have things done for us, an inclination which grows as it is gratified. Rarely, except in the unclaimed wilderness, does a man go forth without a following of persons whose life mission it is to pick up after him, to see that he does this and doesn't do that, to warn, guide, and restrain him, infant fashion. The city man's journey to work of a morning is a triumphal progress, with such a retinue as no king has, with chosen guardians like those of the Pope.

Running about after the most of us is a little army of other people, costly preceptors whose maintenance weighs upon the state. Men Wanted, Women Wanted, everywhere, and subway track-walkers, for instance, tramp day and night, with magic wands, to gather up the votive offerings New Yorkers cast upon the tracks, taking some pains to avoid waste-paper receptacles that they may fling their latest editions in the path of the express trains. Strange that the mature should require mentors constantly at hand to keep them from stepping into a void or in front of a speeding truck or under a scaffold dripping red paint, but they do. Without the strong-arm methods of guards and traffic policemen, it is assumed, moreover, they would battle for position until the weaker took to flight. And yet in the jungle explorers have no one to call out: "Boa constrictor on the left. Kindly watch your step. The grape-vine bridge will break if you all crowd on it at once."

Not in cities alone must we pay an army to pick up after people and to save them from using eyes and ears. Behold the forest floor after a camping party has finished with it, the wood-lanes littered by picnickers. No farmer but has his tale to tell of broken fences, gates left open for errant stock, game shot down and left in its tracks. The Government spends great sums to keep trained fighters ready to combat the fires set by campers and tramps and even pedestrians of vast culture. Malice is not involved, as a rule, but our sensibilities as concerns these things seem to have grown torpid. We wander on, absently destructive, enormously expensive, requiring more public guardians every day.

Fortune-tellers who have been beckoned from their tents and divans belonged also to the brotherhood of pickers-up. They lifted the spirits of the credulous from despair, restoring confidence in an omnipotent future and in hope's fulfilment just around the corner. They put in order sensational minds that now must find their own restoratives. One might suppose that faith in their powers would have strayed after their failure to foretell the war, but in natures without resource the will to believe the promise of unearned marvels rather than to put courage in order is strong.

With fewer public servants to pamper us, we must needs look out for ourselves. The valet and the lady's maid are not a habit of Americans as individuals, but en masse we require as much attention as if each one of us were so provided. No women for domestic service are obtainable, but at the theatres there are plenty, in costume, to bring programmes one might get as he enters and candy he had had no idea of buying. In "the better" restaurants we have untold needless attentions, and we pay for them, as the other half pays. The dreary Italian who is toiling steamily out in the invisible regions could be doing the same task to wiser purpose in a hospital. It is not public service but public waste that is the injustice—taking a man from a task that is clamoring to be done and putting him at one that is merely a habit.

Before the advent of the military, the case against doormen and carriage openers was a bit less clear. They lent an air to our thoroughfares that the uniform only gives, and if we did not know them to be useful, we believed them to be beautiful—often. They pass now, along with many comrades who "catered to the public's ease": the porter with his hysterical whisk-broom, the waiter with his sparkling carafe, the floor-walker with his white gardenia, and the footman with his sculptured profile. They will not immediately return with peace. In the army and navy a man dispenses with superfluous servitors, until he achieves an orderly, as the majority do not. No need to mention the extent to which self-helpfulness is carried in the ranks. "What do I have a janitor for?" exults the business man, raining scraps and ashes over his office floor; but let him become a soldier, and he changes. And some have even seen the West Point lads hopping upstairs and down to avoid a fatal wrinkle. The disciplined will doubtless be ready to meet us half-way if we end the spectacle of democracy employing grown men dressed up like performing monkeys to supply factitious needs.

It is a curious trait for sons of pioneers to possess, this desire, expanding into a need, to be looked after. Whether it will die out for lack of ministering aides will hardly be apparent in our time, but its proportions at this period are grotesque, for our country.

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# Obstructing a Right of Way

A GREAT war, or, for that matter, any great crisis in which the existence or ideals of a nation are at stake, is pretty certain to bring to the front a special type of more or less self-constituted patriotic society. It is natural that this should be so. Even the best-organized Government cannot do everything, nor everything at once. The machinery of administration has to be added to with the utmost rapidity and in all directions. A small army of officials and clerks must be mobilized and trained. A hundred things which the Government has never done before, or which at most it has only experimented with, are suddenly found classed as national necessities. Moreover, there is likely to be a supporting majority of the public which needs to be informed, a minority, possibly a large one, to be converted, and an uncertain percentage of the disloyal to be curbed or rooted out. These demands give opportunity to the patriotic agitator and the self-constituted association.

The public, accordingly, citizens as well as aliens, loyal majority and dissenting minority, finds itself appealed to by two aggregations of influence, the Government agency and the unofficial private organization. There is no chance of cleaving to the one and despising the other; both are upon us, and both must be taken. The distraction is increased when, in a country like our own, agencies created by the States are added to those created by the United States. It is magnified still more when these innumerable State, municipal, and private bodies, acting sometimes in accordance with law and sometimes in open disregard of it, use their powers to wreak political vengeance or pay political debts, wink at mob violence, set up fantastic tests of loyalty, or drag innocent persons before self-appointed tribunals or the regular courts on charges of aiding the enemy.

The performances of some of our State Councils of Defence, for example, have been of a character to give the sincere patriot grave concern. Affiliated loosely with the Council of National Defence at Washington, and with uncertain accountability to the Governments of the States which they represent, these quasi-political bodies have ostensibly set out to organize the States for war, suppress disloyalty, and help the Federal Government. A few of them have accomplished commendable results. The majority, on the other hand, can hardly be said to have done anything of importance, while a number have distinguished themselves only by their pernicious intolerance and their tacit yielding to the mob. A writer in the *Nation* last week set forth lucidly the facts in the unwarranted attack by the Nebraska Council of Defence upon the State University. The direction of the California Council is in the hands of a politician who has been twice arraigned publicly by members of the organization for incompetency and "playing politics," and who in April bowed to the storm and resigned, but who was nevertheless, at last reports, continuing to draw a salary of $500 a month for his patriotic services. Nowhere does it appear that the State Councils of Defence have done anything important to check the outbreaks of lawlessness and crime which have spread over the country, especially in the West; in some cases they appear to have been, by their own unwarrantable conduct, morally guilty of inciting them.

When State organizations play the game of patriotism in discriminating and violent fashion, self-constituted bodies may be expected to follow suit. The stinging rebuke which the University of Wisconsin has lately administered to the National Security League, and especially to its representative, Professor McElroy, is a much-needed calling to account of an organization whose hostility to everything that does not square with its own conception of loyalty is a menace to free thought and candid public discussion. There are other organizations whose conduct has been even more objectionable. The high virtue of patriotism is not to be inculcated by kicks and blows, or by denouncing as a pro-German or a traitor everybody who does not meet to the full every test which self-constituted societies take it into their heads to set up. If proscription, abuse, and denial of the right to think are the methods by which men and women are to become one hundred per cent. American, then, truly, will American democracy need to be made safe for the world.

The primary trouble is, of course, that none of these organizations, whether State or private, is really necessary. War is a national, and not primarily a State or municipal, concern. The mobilization of the man-power and industrial resources of the nation for war is the province and duty of the Federal Government. It is not within the province of a city, a county, or a State to say to what extent or in what particular way it will assist the national cause; nor is there anything in our system of government which gives to a State the right to determine how the nation shall organize itself for war. These are all Federal matters, subject to Federal initiative and Federal supervision. To turn over any of them to State bodies, subject to the local political and personal influences which obtain in every State, is to insure diversity where there should be unity, varied and inconsistent methods where there should be uniformity. Perhaps it was necessary, in the first rush of war, to leave to the States the performance of some national duties, but that time, if it ever has existed, has passed. The administrative war organization of the Federal Government now covers not only all parts of the country, but almost every important activity of the national life. For even the best State Council of Defence there is no longer a need.

If State bodies are no longer needed, still less should self-constituted enterprises continue to be tolerated. It is for the Government, not the National Security League, to tell us what we are fighting for or what we ought to think about the war. The suppression of disloyalty is a Government matter, and not a concern of self-appointed committees with cards, pledges, halters, or yellow paint. We have not reached a stage when Knights of Liberty must take the law into their own hands in order to save America from the enemy. The Federal courts are open. Federal laws against treason, conspiracy, or obstruction of Government operations are comprehensive and drastic, and the Department of Justice stands ready to act upon either suspicion or evidence. There are no riots to be suppressed, no hostile public meetings to cause alarm. The plots which were once attributable to German scheming have all but disappeared. For none of these plain conditions is any unofficial organization or any State Council of Defence to be thanked. The credit for the internal peace which we now enjoy, and for the loyalty to the nation and its cause which generally prevails, belongs to the Federal Government. It would be lamentable if the fact were otherwise. The one thing needed to complete the work is for State Councils and Security Leagues to close up their affairs. If they are unwilling to do so of themselves, the Administration may well hasten the process.

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# The New Pan-Americanism

SEÑOR PEÑA, known to students of Mexican literature as a novelist, and to a wider circle as the editor of *El Universal* and *El Universal Ilustrado*, two papers published in the City of Mexico, has recently made some interesting suggestions regarding the best means of cultivating good feeling and intelligent understanding between Mexico and the United States. In an interview which he gave out in New York, Señor Peña, who has been touring the country in company with other Mexican journalists, urged a revival of the popular excursions to Mexico, of teachers and others, at reduced rates, which were maintained by railway and steamship companies before the war; the establishment of exchange professorships and the encouragement of student migration; the translation of Mexican books into English, and a wider reading of American books in Mexico. On the latter point Señor Peña called attention to the fact that the writings of Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain, the American authors most popular in Mexico, are in Mexico usually read in French translations rather than in the originals. He further suggested, although only by implication, that the presence in Mexico of an increased number of teachers of agriculture, familiar with American agricultural methods, would be a boon to a country of backward agriculture and too numerous professional men.

The suggestions of Señor Peña raise again the question how far President Wilson's conception of a new Pan-Americanism, as set forth in his message to Congress on December 7, 1915, and further amplified in his address to the Mexican editors at Washington on June 7 last, is in the way of being realized. The representative newspaper comments quoted by Professor Robertson, in an article in the *Nation* of June 15, seem to indicate that, while there has been some difference of opinion and here and there sharp adverse comment, as was to be expected, the public for which the leading South American newspapers speak has given, on the whole, a distinctly cordial reception to Mr. Wilson's earlier words. For his more recent utterance there has been, according to press reports, an enthusiastic welcome from the visiting Mexican journalists. So far as newspaper testimony goes, the outlook for a new era of good feeling between the United States and Central and South America is encouraging.

Whether, on the other hand, we are likely to see the early attainment of the intellectual and spiritual sympathy and accord which alone can sustain even the best constructed *entente cordiale*, is a question not so easily answered. One thinks at once of some real difficulties on both sides. Perhaps President Wilson, who has influenced the course of American history in so many directions, may be able to put a new and more attractive face upon the Monroe Doctrine. In his desire to help all peoples whose fortunes the United States may in any way touch, he may find a way of getting rid of the implications of domination and outside control which have made the Monroe Doctrine provocative of mixed emotions in South American statesmen. The danger is, of course, that the United States, forced by events into a position of admitted leadership in world affairs, and bound, if it will safeguard the things for which it fights, to be the most potent voice in international councils for years to come, may continue to treat its Latin-American neighbors on occasion in a cavalier fashion. If that happens, the proclamation of a new Pan-Americanism may turn out to have, for Latin-American ears, no more welcome sound than the gospel of Pan-Germanism and *Mitteleuropa* has had for small nationalities of eastern Europe.

The difficulties on the other side of the line are no less, although of a different sort. Few Americans as yet speak or read Spanish, save for limited commercial purposes, notwithstanding the fact that thousands go through the form of studying it. The literature of Mexico and South America is, as Señor Peña laments, as good as unknown in this country. The modern history of Latin-American countries has been, for the rest of the world, largely a history apart. To the difficulties of language and historical isolation are to be added marked differences of social habit and political point of view, legal systems and business usages often quite the opposite of our own, and an attitude towards questions of race and color for which the average American feels, frankly, aversion rather than sympathy, and which he is usually at little pains even to understand. Nor can there be left out of the account the effect of interminable revolutions and disorder in creating, in the American mind, a feeling that Central and South America, however attractive at their best, are backward and unstable.

Nevertheless, be the obstacles what they may, the way of the new Pan-Americanism is, beyond all question, the way which the nations of the two hemispheres ought to pursue. Different as they are in history or internal life, they nevertheless possess common interests and responsibilities which bind them together, and which, if a wise and generous statesmanship and friendly public spirit may be allowed to deal with them, may be made to build a more perfect union. To the attainment of such an end the implications of both President Wilson's and Señor Peña's remarks clearly point the way. The population, wealth, economic development, and international importance of the United States constitute elements of power in Pan-American relations which are not to be gainsaid. It is inevitable that, in any serious differences of opinion about American affairs, the views of the United States must ultimately prevail. But it must be a wise and consistent leadership, patient and generous to a fault if need be, and with an accord of free and self-determined peoples as its constant aim. American leadership in Pan-American affairs must be such as Tacitus attributes to the chiefs of the early German tribes, who controlled their followers, he tells us, rather because of their ability to persuade than because of power to command.

Beyond agreement in political aim lies accord of spirit. If the peoples of the two hemispheres are really to work together for common ends, they must know one another better. Whatever will contribute to that result, whether literature, or schools, or travel, or university interchange, should be cordially encouraged. Wherever lawlessness or political turmoil work to impair confidence or friendly relations, it is for the Government concerned to set its house in order and keep it so. The growth of commercial intercourse between the United States and Latin-America, hastened by the decline of German influence and certain to increase in volume after the war, may well help to pave the way for a larger intellectual and social interchange. Whatever the instrument, however, the work to be done is the same. The corner-stone of international unity is mutual understanding and good will, and for a Pan-Americanism so grounded all American peoples ought earnestly to work.

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# The Progress of American Labor

By GEORGE P. WEST

ANOTHER annual convention of the American Federation has come and gone without disturbing Mr. Gompers's control or dimming his prestige, and so, as a matter of course, without effecting any change in the methods or personnel of organized labor's political and economic strategy. By adopting the report of Mr. Gompers's mission to France and England, the Federation at St. Paul endorsed a document that by indirection at least discredited the British Labor party's programme of reconstruction, because it tarred with the stick of pacifism and "intellectualist" meddling the men responsible for drafting and promulgating that programme. The governmental interference from Washington or London that denied passports to the two duly accredited fraternal delegates from the British Trade Union Congress needs much explaining. Mr. Gompers's announcement that he had protested to the State Department is to be taken in good faith. The absence of these delegates created a situation wherein the Convention had to take the word of the Gompers delegates because there was no one to controvert them.

Mr. Gompers's victory became absurdly easy when the defence of the British and French leaders and of the British programme of reconstruction was undertaken by a delegate representing an organization of East Side garment workers. The fact that he spoke for a union that had invested in Liberty bonds and otherwise asserted its loyalty made no difference. A pugnacious Irish-American of the Carpenters did not scruple to arise and denounce him as a disloyalist, and opposition to Mr. Gompers, with all that it involves in affirmative policy, collapsed then and there before a wave of hysteria and prejudice. It was a result fully expected by those who had watched Mr. Gompers's skill in identifying every progressive policy with Socialists of an exotic East Side variety, or, to state it in impersonal terms, with a generally pestiferous ineptitude involving a penchant for unfair and bitter personal recriminations and a tendency rather to put opponents into the wrong than to reach a basis of coöperation. Not until liberals are prepared to recognize the validity of this indictment of certain labor radicals will they understand how it is that year after year Mr. Gompers is able to smother any effectual opposition. There are leaders a-plenty in the Federation who have little patience with Mr. Gompers, but they have less still with those who invariably appropriate, and most vociferously champion, the progressive side of every issue. Prejudices of both race and religion are involved, and Mr. Gompers neglects no factor. For the past year, too, there has been pacifism of a peculiarly dogmatic and difficult kind to be dealt with. And the birth of a liberal movement still awaits leaders who are not only radical but American.

This year Mr. Gompers had to meet opposition from another quarter. To dispose of the Socialists was a task so easy that he left it to his lieutenants, and even interceded to mitigate the severity of their chastisement. Not so with the critical weekly press, and all that this press is coming to mean in American life. Those journals that had criticised his obstinate resistance to the new war-born determination of hopeful men everywhere to reconstruct society drew from him a thundering denunciation. It was his answer to those "workers by brain," to those great unclassified multitudes everywhere, who to-day are pathetically eager for any sign of liberal leadership that will permit them to join under labor's banner and to look to labor as the effective nucleus for a political and economic movement that will remake the world. Here Mr. Gompers was dealing with no exotic and alien thing. He was dealing with the very soul of America, and his greeting was a slap in the face. Yet it was a greeting entirely to be expected, for the weekly press that speaks for American liberalism had realized that Mr. Gompers would neither permit other democratic forces to coöperate with him nor by himself fulfil the promise inherent in labor's new influence and power. They had criticised him very severely, and so obviously from the standpoint of men anxious to see labor get on with its battles that there was no dismissing them as enemies of the cause. And the issue which Mr. Gompers has taken up is very plainly an issue between Mr. Gompers and liberal America—an America that has no issue whatever with the cause of organized labor. It is to become an issue between Mr. Gompers and the liberal forces inside the labor movement. For that movement is not so narrowly class-conscious, so insulated from American liberalism, that Mr. Gompers can succeed in infusing through it his resentment against what he would call the interference and meddling of intellectuals. In this he has cut the ground from under himself by cooperating freely with the employers of the National Civic Federation and with a great host of welfare workers now collaborating with agents of the Federation at Washington.

The absence of any organized and articulate opposition at St. Paul is not so disheartening as it seems. Like a plant that finds its normal way of growth blocked, the American labor movement is sending its shoots towards the daylight here and there through developments within State and city bodies. The British programme has found its way into one important official labor journal after another. In New Jersey the State Federation of Labor recently held a large and very enthusiastic State convention, at which more than 500 delegates adopted a radical programme of economic reforms to be achieved through political action, and issued a proclamation inviting "workers by hand or brain" to join with them in social reconstruction. And this was after Mr. Gompers had denounced, in an editorial to which he gave widespread circulation, what he termed the "invidious distinction" implied in the phrase "hand or brain worker," as it appears in the British Labor party's programme. There are similar developments in other States, notably California and Minnesota.

So much can be said without reference to those elements in the year's labor situation that in any event would have induced more than usual acquiescence in Mr. Gompers's control. This is the bright side of the picture. Labor's gains in the field of unionism have been enormous. The principles of the Taft-Walsh Board and their very general acceptance spell victory for labor's first elementary contention—the right to organize and interpose its collective power between the employer and the individual workman. The enunciation of these principles was the culmination of a policy deliberately adopted by President Wilson at the beginning of the

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war, and already carried into practice very widely through the work of the various labor adjustment boards within the departments, and the orders of Mr. McAdoo as Director-General of Railroads. Their final promulgation can be credited to the really brilliant work of Mr. Frank P. Walsh and to the unexpected liberality of view shown by Mr. Taft. The right to organize was supplemented in the Board's declaration of principles by another principle, seemingly simple and obvious, but with revolutionary potentialities. Mr. Walsh had contended successfully in the packing-house wage arbitration for the fixing of wages, not on the basis of compromise, or ability to pay, but on the basis of a yearly minimum ample to maintain an average family in decency, comfort, and health. This is the basis now officially declared by the War Labor Board. Under it, common labor in the Chicago packing houses now receives more than four dollars a day. It is to be a comfort wage, not a mere living wage, to be ascertained by investigation, and the Taft-Walsh Board has already shown a disposition to challenge the right of the employer who cannot pay it to exist. Under the principles of the Board, organizing movements have been started in scores of industries, and grievances are being daily presented for adjustment that heretofore would have remained unvoiced, as causes of dumb and sullen resentment. All this means that organized labor has submitted to what, in effect, is compulsory mediation, in return for the most substantial of gains. The prospect of submitting grievances to a Government board controlled by such principles has proved a vastly greater stimulus to labor organizations than the prospect of venturing a strike and a contest with the tremendous physical, financial, and local political power of a great industrial corporation. The strike weapon will never again be used so freely, although labor will insist that it remain available as a last resort.

"Comfort" wages and the right to organize have been supplemented by more general acceptance of the eight-hour day and by a general adherence on the part of governmental agencies to the labor standards prevailing before the war. These standards have been raised instead of lowered as a result of the Government's assumption of authority in the employing field. Where President Wilson has suspended the Eight-Hour law governing work done for the Government, he has saved the principle by providing that overtime shall be paid for at the rate of time and a half. And behind this lies the principle that every man is entitled to a decent amount of leisure and to extra compensation when called upon to sacrifice some of it.

Mr. Gompers's identification with the Government is so complete that the Federation has almost ceased to function as an independent body. The annual report of the Executive Council, instructed at the last convention to protest to the President against Mr. Burleson's labor policy, makes no mention whatever of Mr. Burleson and his continued opposition to the organizations of postal employees. When we look for a protest against the latest drastic amendments to the Espionage act, or for at least a word of warning against the danger inherent in placing such powers in the hands of Messrs. Burleson and Gregory, we find instead an apology, defence, and tacit endorsement of everything done.

With Mr. Wilson in the White House, and with the record of gains for labor as it stands, Mr. Gompers's alliance with the Federal Administration has been amply justified by results, in the writer's opinion. We might ask whether Messrs. Wilson, Baker, Walsh, Frankfurter, and their kind had not done quite as much as Mr. Gompers and his lieutenants, many of whom are none too aggressive or intelligent and several of whom are distinctly illiberal. But this would be not only ungenerous, but beside the point. Mr. Gompers's wholehearted loyalty to President Wilson and cooperation with him was an indispensable and controlling factor in the year's gains, as it was in facilitating and strengthening the nation's mobilization for war.

But it is not the wisdom and practical necessity of cooperating with the President that impels Mr. Gompers to discourage the formulation and adoption of a programme of economic reconstruction, and hence to rebuff and insult the great labor movements of England and France. Mr. Wilson's precedent would call rather for an opposite course in each of these fields. Surely it is plain that we shall win this war only if the English and French masses permit their Governments to stay in it long enough to give us the chance. Yet the heartening and inspiring influence on these people of Mr. Wilson's utterances is in danger of being lost as Mr. Gompers continues to pursue a policy tending to convince them that Mr. Wilson, even here, is a voice in the wilderness in so far as he is the voice of humanity's hope for a social order in which brotherhood and mutual understanding and simple justice shall prevail. Post-bellum reconstruction is the guerdon that keeps them in the fight. How can they expect help in evolving the new order from an America in which that element of the population which should be in the vanguard remains under the leadership of men obsessed by hostility to their purposes and methods? Their patience with all such is exhausted. Mr. Gompers may remain complacent in the face of the existing social system. Labor in Europe will not.

For the moment American labor is dazzled by its gains. Now, for the first time, the unions need not fight with their backs to the wall for the very right to exist. We must remember this. We must apprehend the weakness of unionism up to this time, and the great strength of the forces arrayed against it. We must realize that Mr. Gompers's strategy has been that of a leader always on the field of battle, engaged in a desperate effort to keep his forces together under ceaseless attacks. Even to-day members of the Federation are but a tithe of the country's industrial population. Not until wage-earners have learned to act together to advance their immediate common interests in the shop can we expect them to go a step farther and recognize their common interests in relation to the broader but less tangible issues of politics and economics. The principles of the Taft-Walsh Board and their acceptance by the Government and by a majority of employers mark the end of the first era in the evolution of American labor. The work that has been thus successfully accomplished under Mr. Gompers's leadership is fundamental. It has laid the foundation upon which any higher or broader structure must be reared. It is as human and natural as it is unfortunate that Mr. Gompers wishes to stop here and survey his successes with utter complacency. For the very reason that he has succeeded and his task is now achieved, we can look hopefully for new leaders equal to the new tasks. Given liberal and intelligent political leadership in the American Federation of Labor, and the democratic forces of America could achieve a unity and a power that, in coöperation with similar forces in Europe, would determine the course of events very near to our heart's desire. No one should welcome such a turn more than President Wilson. To-day he

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is far ahead of any political group large enough and powerful enough to count. He cannot get as far ahead of existing groups as we should like to see him, or as he probably would like to go. It is largely the failure of organized labor to create an adequate group that forces on the President the necessity of keeping back within hailing distance of men like Mr. Burleson. In the meantime, his leadership saves the situation for America. But that leadership is a temporary and fortuitous circumstance of politics, and we cannot rest content until we have supplemented it with an organization that will go farther and remain in the field longer than Mr. Wilson possibly can.

# A World for Children

By CARL H. GRABO

IN that unpretentious classic, "An Unknown Child Poem," Willian Canton has described his vision of the children, the world over, hastening each morning to school: "The great globe swings round out of the dark into the sun; there is always morning somewhere; and forever in this shifting region of the morning light the good Altegans sees the little ones afoot—shining companies and groups, couples and bright solitary figures; for they all seem to have a soft heavenly light about them." He describes them as they troop schoolward in all weathers and in all seasons, city children and country children. Most beautiful picture of all, he sees them travelling schoolward by that late moonlight which now and again in the winter months precedes the tardy dawn.

Wordsworth is another who sees children with a "soft heavenly light about them" which only too soon "fades into the light of common day." And Vaughan, whose "Retreat" so curiously anticipates the thought of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations," laments his lost "angel infancy" when he felt those "shoots of everlastingness" which in his manhood are become only memories. These are poetic expressions of the sophistication which life imposes upon the human spirit, or, merely, of the loss of wonder as the senses dull with use and the child becomes at home in the world. Wordsworth, though deploring this inevitable sophistication, finds his usual compensations in the acceptance of common duties and in the memories of the earlier and better time. Vaughan, unreconciled to life, homeless in the world of men, would move by backward steps "and in that state I came, return."

But it is another seventeenth-century writer, Thomas Traherne, who, in his poetic prose, most fully expresses childhood's trust and faith and the slow process of disillusionment, and who lays upon the world of man's selfishness the burden of disappointed and corrupted childhood. He describes his early years in much the same terms that Vaughan and Wordsworth employ:

> All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine. I knew by intuition those things which since my Apostacy I collected again by the highest reason.

He was innocent of all knowledge of sin and suffering. He knew nothing of selfishness and material struggle. The world of human life was of a piece with the heavenly order:

> The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The golden trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstacy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared: which talked with my expectation and moved my desire.

So firm was his faith in the heavenly nature of men that, he says, "with much ado I was corrupted and made to learn the dirty devices of this world."

Nor does he stop here, content only to unlearn the corruption of life. The cause of his apostasy he assigns as explicitly as he can:

> The first light which shined in my infancy in its primitive and innocent clarity was totally eclipsed: insomuch that I was fain to learn all again. If you ask me how it was eclipsed? Truly by the customs and manners of men, which like contrary winds blew it out; by an innumerable company of other objects, rude, vulgar, and worthless things, that like so many loads of earth and dung did overwhelm and bury it: by the impetuous torrent of wrong desires in all others whom I saw or knew that carried me away and alienated me from it: by a whole sea of other matters and concernments that covered and drowned it: finally by the evil influence of a bad education that did not foster and cherish it. All men's thoughts and words were about other matters. They prized new things which I did not dream of. I was a stranger and unacquainted with them; I was little and reverenced their authority; I was weak and easily guided by their example; ambitious also, and desirous to approve myself unto them. And finding no one syllable in any man's mouth of those things, by degrees they vanished, my thoughts (as indeed what is more fleeting than a thought?) were blotted out; and at last all the celestial, great, and stable treasures to which I was born, as wholly forgotten, as if they had never been.

Much of this is, I suppose, mystical, and strikes a strange note to the modern ear. The scientific turn of our thinking largely precludes speculation as to the preëxistence of the soul. We are, indeed, not quite sure we have souls, and if we think of the matter at all we approach the problem by the true inductive method, computing the probable weight of the totality of the body's cell centres—which form the hypothetic spiritual body—and endeavoring to verify this computation by detecting any sharp loss of weight at the moment of death. There are theories thus formulated and more or less verified which, I read, determine the weight of the soul as something between one-fifth and one-half an ounce.

But whatever one's spiritual or philosophic bias, there lies in Traherne's indictment of a man-made world a hard truth which the most material-minded can scarcely ignore. It is a truth which each learns from his own experience of life and which observation daily confirms: life—and we mean thereby the customs and conventions of mankind—

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too often warps the trust and joyousness of childhood to suspicion and selfishness. One may observe the result of the hardening process only too easily when he meets childhood companions after an interval of years. He is struck by the commonplaceness, narrow vision, the worldly hardness which children of promise too often acquire by their middle years. And if he be given to introspection, he can easily recall in himself the slow relinquishment of disinterested ambitions and ideals. Sometimes he thinks of this development as the acquisition of worldly wisdom, but in his less complacent moments he will echo the words of William Godwin: "The earth is the great Bridewell of the universe where spirits descended from heaven are committed to drudgery and hard labor."

But it is profoundly illogical to lay the defeats of life upon the unknown powers, for in these the modern world holds no great faith. If this is a man-made world in which we live, we cannot rationally attribute our failures to God, or the Life Force, or the First Cause. The world is such as it is because beings like ourselves compose it. Individually, we cannot, of course, "Grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire, . . . and then remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire." We recognize our inability only too soon, and if, in maturity, we cherish any of our early ideals, we seek to give our children a better chance than was ours. We seek to give them sufficient means that they may be economically independent, and to aid them, through education, to realize their best mental possibilities—in a word, to give them advantages such as we had not. But our concern is not that all the children of the world should have equal opportunities, for the task seems hopeless. Therein lies the fatal falsity of our aim. Children are moulded by the larger world, not alone by the narrow confines of home and the love of parents. In so far as parents do not reach out to include in their love and hope and sacrifice all other children, they impose upon their own child a narrow and competitive ideal which he inevitably learns and makes a part of himself. Even in the desire to make our children citizens of the world, we succeed at best only in preparing them to win success in a world no different from our own.

It is no mere coincidence that the movement for educational reform which brought into being our modern system of education, such as it is, was contemporaneous with the revolutionary philosophy of the eighteenth century whose impetus we yet feel. The underlying idea of the revolutionary thought, which binds together all our diverse movements for reform even to-day, is simply this: men are in great part moulded by circumstances, particularly by social institutions; these we can alter as we choose. Holbach, in his "System of Nature," though arguing his belief in determinism, thought it not inconsistent to urge the modification of social institutions to the end that men, the product of circumstance, might be enabled better to express their native aptitude for goodness and altruism, which under existing institutions was too often distorted.

To such a philosophy education is all important. If we begin with the young we can make social institutions largely what we wish. Unhappily there has never been any wide consensus of opinion as to what society should be; there has been no definite social end, and consequently no system of education calculated to attain it. Liberty and the pursuit of happiness have been vague ideals at best, narrowly individual, arguing seemingly that we should throw off institutional restraint and cultivate our individual desires. Our education has, naturally enough, reflected the economic and social conditions of the society in which it exists. These are much more competitive than coöperative. The obligations of citizenship which ostensibly ask association with one's fellows to attain a common end, the good of all, do not in practice achieve such singleness of purpose, but encourage, instead, the strife of factions and classes. Nor in any case are political duties of prime importance to the average citizen, whose chief concern is to make a living. In doing this he contends with others similarly intent. And so our education inevitably, if unconsciously, stresses the combative instincts essential to economic conflict and success. Though it is true that universal education has made articulate large masses of the people who once lacked a voice, and has brought them some degree of literacy and enlightenment, yet in so doing it has chiefly intensified the internal warfare of a competitive society.

In a nation such as Germany a somewhat different end is sought, but one even more provocative of the militant spirit. The aim has been to make Germany victorious in the world struggle for trade and imperial domination. Within the state, submission to Church and Kaiser has been taught, though at the expense of individuality and initiative. The attempt has been to unify the nation, to make its fixed social classes coöperant to an end. But the end has been an immediate and selfish one, the glory of the Fatherland always at strife, whether in arms or commerce, with the rest of mankind. Education and patriotism have conspired, therefore, not to mollify but to foster the militant spirit. And in a world in which these competitive ideas so largely prevail, whether individual and economic chiefly, or national and imperialistic, education cannot prevent the one result: industrial conflicts within, and periodic war among, nations.

The poilus whom Henri Barbusse describes in "Under Fire" are resolved that such a war as the present must never recur. And the illiterate but religious muzhiks, slain by millions, have died in the faith that this war will end with God's peace on earth. If it is so to do, the task is ours. Only as we inspire the next generation with better ideals, both national and international, only as we starve the combative instincts and foster the kindly love of neighbors, will the habits of selfish rivalry and war be broken. To achieve this end should be the conscious purpose of education. But education can hope for scant success if we do not largely allay the existing rivalries of nations, and within our industrial society mitigate the life and death struggle for survival. There would be no sufficient breathing space for a new and better educational system in a world such as ours has heretofore been.

We have the hope, though no certainty, of a better order of life. A league of nations may do away with much of the old dreary scheme of rivalries, competitive armaments, and balances of power in a world blind to its true safety and advantage. Also, within each of the warring countries, movements are afoot to displace the old class rivalries and conflicts with a coöperative purpose which seeks the welfare of society as a whole, not that of individuals only, nor a class. If we have sufficient idealism and strength of purpose to achieve these ends, even in part, a finer educational ideal will have opportunity to take root and grow. Education may then seek to nourish those nobler instincts of childhood whose atrophy the poets lament and to whose cultivation the revolutionary philosophers pin their faith of a regenerate world.

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# Correspondence

## Literary Astronomy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To a reader who visualizes as he reads, it is a little irritating when a writer attempts to readjust the movements of the stars in their courses. Hugh Walpole, in "Fortitude," gives us a crescent moon rising in the east some time after sunset, and at the same time giving so much light that the passing of a cloud plunges the earth in darkness. In addition, in the same book, we seem to have two evenings on the same day. In "The Dark Forest" the crescent moon again rises in the east after sunset, lighting a flat plain extending to the horizon, which a few lines further on is bounded by a hill. This happens in Russia, where things are certainly somewhat upset. It appears that an author may be a close observer of human nature and yet fail to note some of the most obvious natural phenomena. P. R. B.

*Washington, D. C., June 4*

## A Spanish Wall

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have not seen the original German text of Latzko's "Menschen im Krieg," but the English rendering published by Boni & Liveright in New York makes an unusually good impression, rarely revealing the fact that it is a translation from a foreign tongue—something fortunate when we consider the worth and importance of the book. The very first sentence, however, contains a striking instance of the fact that, however well one may know a foreign language, he may at any moment betray the fact that he entirely misses the significance of a current expression:

"The time was late in the autumn of the second year of the war; the place, the garden of a war hospital in a small Austrian town, which lay at the base of wooded hills, sequestered as behind a Spanish wall, and still preserving its sleepy contented outlook upon existence." One not familiar with German is not likely to find anything wrong with the sentence. Into the picture of autumn in a sleepy little town in southern Europe the suggestion of an old stone wall of sunny Spain fits naturally and pleasantly. I doubt even whether most Germans would observe anything out of the way with the sentence, simply assuming that "a Spanish wall" was used in English just as "eine spanische Wand" is used in German. But "eine spanische Wand" is no more a stone wall, a brick wall, or a wall made of studding, lath, and mortar, than a tailor's goose is an egg-laying fowl that hisses at passers-by. What Latzko wished to say was that the garden of the military hospital was situated in a little Austrian town that lay at the foot of a range of wooded hills which, half encircling, shut it off from the busy world beyond, much as a small private party at a watering place may be shut off from the general body of guests by the little semicircle formed by an intervening folding screen. When first the term *spanische Wand* was applied to a screen of this sort, I do not know. Probably it was at a time when Spain led in matters of court elegance, but the expression does not appear in the dictionaries until long after (Stieler, 1691). GEORGE HEMPL

*Stanford University, June 6*

## Soldier Eloquence Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Who, before the tomb of Lafayette, at the Cimetière Picpus, in Paris, on the Fourth of July, 1917, when France celebrated the American National Day and the arrival of the first American contingent, pronounced the historic words: "Lafayette, we are here"?

At first, last September, when Americans returned to these shores and repeated the story, the phrase was attributed to "some American officer." Since then, it has been attributed to General Pershing over and over again, in speeches and in print. An attempt to get some light on the subject from the account of the festivities given in the New York *Times* of July 5 and 6, 1917, remained useless. But recently a pamphlet came to America which incidentally contains these words from a speech by M. Georges Leygues on "Les origines et le sens de la Grande Guerre":

> L'Angleterre, l'Italie, et le Japon sont là; la Russie fut et sera là; la Roumanie, la Belgique, la Serbie, le Monténégro sont là! A Picpus, sur la tombe du compagnon d'armes de Washington, le colonel Stanton, commandant le premier bataillon américain, a dit: *La Fayette, nous sommes là!* (Page 18.)

This quotation raises an interesting question.

ALBERT SCHINZ

*Smith College, June 18*

## Altogether

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you, in spite of the war, find room for an appeal to the dictionaries on behalf of the word "altogether"? My complaint is that the dictionaries neglect the use of this adverb with the meaning "in all," usually (though not invariably) with numerical statements; thus, "this makes twenty-seven books altogether"; "there is enough of it altogether to make a good dinner." The proof that this familiar usage belongs to the compound "altogether" and not to the separated words "all together" is of various kinds: First, the traditional usage of those who have written the word in the past. Second, the two are often distinguishable in sense. Take examples from textbooks of arithmetic. "If three ladies come into the room at five minutes past four, and six at ten minutes past, and four at fifteen minutes past, how many come in altogether?" We mean the whole thirteen; "all together" would suggest the thought of those who come at the same moment. "If one boy raised ten chickens, and another boy sixteen, and another boy thirty-seven, how many did they raise altogether?" Here "all together" would give the same substantial sense, but with different syntax; "all together" would grammatically relate to the boys, "altogether" to the chickens. Third, "altogether" in this sense is never pronounced with two principal accents nor with a pause after "all" or a prolongation of that syllable. Fourth, there is not the same liberty of tmesis nor of omission of "all" that would be natural if the two words had their separate force. Fifth, if you use the adverb with the smallest numbers (which, to be sure, is not common), you say "there were only two of us altogether," not "both together."

Therefore, let the dictionaries take cognizance of this very common use. STEVEN T. BYINGTON

*Ballard Vale, Mass., May 9*

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## Violent Extremes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of May 4 appears an article: "King Alcohol Keeps Cool."

Would you kindly explain why we Americans always jump to such violent extremes? From the romantic wild and woolly Americans of early days, we jump to a nation of evangelists, such people as Dr. Torrey and Billy Sunday. From an indifferent and sluggishly pacific people, we jump to war mania, so ably described in a recent article of yours, entitled "War Mania in Los Angeles." And now from a saloon-ridden country, we want to jump to bone-dry prohibition.

I have not touched liquor in any form for months, and I care little or nothing for it. I am trying to "do my bit" and hope to see service in France before long. But in spite of all the evils attributed to liquor, I fail to see that it brought about the worst evil the world has ever known, and I am honest to admit that personally I would just as soon become intoxicated a dozen times a year as to spend forty-eight hours in the first-line trenches. I wonder if there are any of these ardent prohibitionists who are brave and fair enough to admit as much.

An Enlisted United States Soldier

*Camp Kearny, Cal., May 14*

## Idleness the Mother of Lies

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that the Robinson bill has been signed, rendering New York State no longer safe for the idler, it is interesting to recall what the pioneer editor Caxton had to say of the species in his prologue to the "Golden Legend," 1483. This juxtaposition of literature and law suggests rather graphically that in the intervening centuries we have learned to apply in some measure, at least, that humble apothegm—Actions speak louder than words. The following excerpt is from the compilation entitled "An English Garner of Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse," edited by A. W. Pollard:

> The Holy and blessed doctor Saint Jerome saith this authority, "Do always some good work to the end that the devil finds thee not Idle." And the holy doctor Saint Austin saith in the book of the labor of monks, that no man strong or mighty to labor ought to be idle. . . . And forasmuch as idleness is so much blamed, as saith Saint Bernard, the mellifluous doctor, that she is mother of lies and step-dame of virtues, and it is she that overthroweth strong men into sin, quencheth virtue, nourisheth pride, and maketh the way ready to go to hell; and John Cassidorus saith that the thought of him that is idle thinketh on none other thing but on licorous meats and viands for his belly; and the holy Saint Bernard aforesaid saith in an epistle, when the time shall come that it shall behove us to render and give account of our idle time, what reason may we render or what answer shall we give when in idleness is none excuse; and Prosper saith that whosoever liveth in idleness liveth in manner of a beast. . . . And because meseemeth to be a sovereign weal to incite and exhort men and women to keep them from sloth and idleness . . . I have submised myself to translate into English the legend of Saints which is called "Legenda Aurea" in Latin, that is to say the "Golden Legend."

Elisabeth Lee Buckingham

*New York, June 14*

## A Last Word on "Copperhead"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters in the *Nation* of February 28 and March 14 present a problem which is of interest both in itself and as throwing light on the curious ways in which words undergo changes in meaning. Mr. Perry's original statement was that "These people were given the name of Copperheads because many of them wore as a badge the head of the Goddess of Liberty, cut out of an old-fashioned copper cent." Mr. Reeves asserted that "Such a perversion of notorious facts, with the implication that the Copperheads wore a badge of loyalty made of a Federal coin, requires proof." Mr. Perry replied that his statement "that many Copperheads of Civil War times wore as a badge the Liberty head cut out of an old-fashioned cent" is "confirmed by" Messrs. Bassett, Hart, Hosmer, and Rhodes. It is to be noted, however, that while these historians do confirm the statement that such badges were worn by the Copperheads, only one maintains that the Copperheads were so called because they wore such badges, leaving Mr. Perry's original statement unsupported by proof.

The word Copperhead occurs as follows: Chicago *Tribune*, September 24, 29, 1862; January 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 1863; Cincinnati *Commercial*, October 1, 14, 1862 (also in November and December); Columbus (O.) *Crisis*, October 22, November 5, 19, 1862; February 25, March 11, 18, 25, April 1, 8, 15, 29, 1863; New York *Tribune*, January 12, February 11, 14, 16, 17, 24, 1863; *Harper's Weekly*, January 31, February 28, 1863; Cincinnati *Gazette*, February 5, 1863; New York *Times*, February 13, 17, 1863; New York *Herald*, February 16, 1863; New York *World*, February 16, 17, March 18, 20, 25, 26, 27, 31, 1863; *Old Guard*, April, 1863, i. 92-94.

An examination of these and of many other extracts shows clearly that the word Copperhead, derived from the snake, was originally employed in contempt by the Republicans; that in February it began to be adopted by the Copperheads themselves and rapidly became popular with them; that they retaliated by calling the Republicans "Black Snakes"; that to some enthusiastic devotee soon occurred the idea of cutting the head of Liberty from a copper cent and wearing it as a pin, while in Ohio butternuts were similarly employed; and that late in March the manufacture of "the copperhead, or badge of Liberty," became a commercial enterprise, the badges being "mailed, post paid, on receipt of 15 cents, or $10 per hundred by express."

Finally, attention may be called to cartoons in which the copperhead snake is depicted in *Harper's Weekly* of February 28, in *Vanity Fair* of May 2, in Charles Godfrey Leland's "Ye Book of Copperheads," and in "Ye Sneak Yclepid Copperhead: A Satirical Poem," both published in 1863. The copperhead pin is also depicted in Leland's book, and on the last page of the cover of "Copperhead Minstrel: A Choice Collection of Democratic Poems and Songs," published in 1863.

It thus appears that Copperhead—like Whig, Tory, Yankee, Brother Jonathan, Uncle Sam, and scores of other terms—takes its place among the designations which have been accepted by those to whom they were originally applied in contempt or in mild derision. Albert Matthews

*Boston, April 6*

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# Things Invincible

By LE BARON COOKE

HIGH
In the sky,
Above the carnage and the strife
And all the sacrifice of precious life,
A million white-faced little stars
Prick the night with watchfulness,
While elfish moonbeams prance,
Like poets' spirits in a light fantastic dance,
Across the blood-drenched fields of France.

# Poetry in War Time

By O. W. FIRKINS

*The Silver Trumpet.* By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1 net.

*The Little Flag on Main Street.* By McLandburgh Wilson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

*Hallowe'en and Poems of the War.* By W. M. Letts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

*The Red, Red Dawn.* By James A. Mackereth. London: Erskine Macdonald.

*Plain Song.* 1914–1916. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

*The Binding of the Beast.* By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1 net.

*War Flames.* By John Curtis Underwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

*The Red Flower.* By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

*Poèmes des Poilus.* Boston: W. A. Butterfield.

*Soldier Songs.* By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1 net.

*Soldier Songs from Anzac.* By Signaller Tom Skeyhill. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

*Buddy's Blighty.* By Lieutenant Jack Turner. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1 net.

*Songs of the Shrapnel Shell.* By Cyril Norton Horne. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

*Sea Dogs and Men at Arms.* By Jesse Edgar Middleton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

*Songs on Service.* By Eliot Crawshay-Williams. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 90 cents net.

*Rough Rhymes of a Padre.* By "Woodbine Willie" (Chaplain Studdert-Kennedy). New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.

*A Treasury of War Poetry.* By George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

*A Book of Verse of the Great War.* Edited by W. R. Wheeler. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

IN "The Silver Trumpet" Miss Burr retrieves for America the exaltations of '61. Here is the old spirit, escaped from its prison or tomb, the spirit of high and sorrowful responsibility, to which war is fearful yet august, and duty is terrifying and lovable in the same breath. The demand for purity among soldiers who are likewise votaries goes hand in hand with the insistence on magnanimity towards enemies who are also brothers. Old feelings love old forms, and Miss Burr, never much prone to capering or simpering innovation, has spoken reverently and simply in the speech and intonation of the fathers. The poems have their limitations; they are a little stressful, a little hortatory; the distinction they achieve may not have that finality which means duration. But taken for all in all, they are the best expression I know of the higher mood of present-day America.

Is all our world upon a counter laid?
That is their taunt who say they know us well.
Then let us like true merchants to our trade;
What wares has God to sell?

A world at liberty, a path made clear
For steadfast justice and enduring peace,
Nations released forever from the fear
Of evil days like these.

A sound investment! but—the price is high . . .
Long hoarded wealth in ruin, flame and steel,
Death lurking in the sea and in the sky—
What say you? Shall we deal?

We take thy bargain, Master of the Mart,
Though we may flinch, we cannot turn away.
Send thy resistless fire upon our heart
And make us strong to pay!

Miss Burr's altitudes in comparison with Miss McLandburgh Wilson's agilities in "The Little Flag on Main Street" may bring to mind the mountain and the squirrel. In this case the squirrel carries a nut, and the cracking of the shell is as inspiriting as its meat is succulent. These simply worded, simply metred, and, if you please, simply motived, patriotic verses have the clink and the prick of spurs; they tease, they challenge, they incite. The equation between reader's pleasure and author's worth in this rat-tat-tat form of verse is not always valid, but that fact does not lessen the pleasure and it does not abolish the worth. Miss Wilson's indignation, pathos, and solemnity are immediately exhilarating, but her fun is ultimately grave. I quote part of "Her Soldier":

He is sharp and keen for battle,
I am dull and sore afraid,
For my love would hold him safely
As the scabbard holds the blade.

Stainless is his shining honour,
Shall it be by me betrayed?
Shall I rust his manly mettle
As the scabbard rusts the blade?

Lest he feel my arms a prison,
Lest with scorn I be repaid,
I must give him to the conflict
As the scabbard gives the blade.

The poems of Miss Letts are thoroughly English: they are also tender, demure, religious; and they frame delicate landscapes in panels, so to speak. The poet surrounds the world with a hedge of privet, and war itself treads circumspectly in the quiet of this perfumed enclosure. She writes:

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

Nothing could be cosier. The brigand, war, under Miss Letts's treatment, reminds one of Captain Brassbound un-

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der the mollifying spell of Lady Cicely Waynflete. Miss Letts is much better in the "Call to Arms," "Screens," and "Casualty"; and in "Hallowe'en, 1914," she has achieved a poem.

Mr. Mackereth exhibits to the full that splendor of metre and diction which in our day becomes more and more detachable from that inward force of which it was once the signal and the promise. He can write sumptuous and glowing verse without any draught on mind and heart. This is the middle-class ideal—luxury without expense. For stanza after stanza, in termless and formless abundance, the leakage of melody and imagery persists. At such moments, a new impersonal verb, "it writes," corresponding to "it rains" or "it snows," would describe the literary processes of Mr. Mackereth. If this were the whole of him, criticism might be succinct; but it is not the whole of him by a good deal. Out of this sound all at once comes a voice, and, what is strange and disconcerting, it is a straightforward, masculine, and patriotic voice. But a moment back the poetry seemed empty; now one recalls Cyrano de Bergerac's retort.

> Mon ventre sonne creux!
> Nous y battrons la charge!

The heart of England is vocal in lines like:

> God, make us meet for this occasion! Speed
> Our feet to service; fire our hearts to seize
> The lowly tasks that do ennoble men.
> Make mute our mouths in sorrow, and make clean
> Our lips in song.

Mr. Phillpotts's "Plain Song" might be described as the kind of verse that brings credit to a poet and honor to a novelist. I doubt sometimes if this be praise enough for these tasteful, metrical, vigorous, and fervid poems. The doubt is especially strong in the presence of two lines on Gallipoli that stand out like headlands:

> There is a fold of lion-coloured earth
> With stony feet in the Ægean blue.

Mr. Phillpotts, whose fealties are Victorian, has a massive sonority which, in a ruder constitution, might affiliate with density. But the crispness of mind, so evident in his novels, is his safeguard. The debater in him checks the orator before the latter can become in any degree a menace to the poet.

Mr. George Sterling, whose talents are conceded by Americans, is too continuously indignant in his militant "Binding of the Beast." Indignation is the last thing of which one should make a business; Mr. Sterling undertakes to deliver it, in measured quantities, at specified dates. Too much drum-fire either deadens or maddens, and Mr. Sterling's verse is its literary counterpart. May I remind the author of the "Binding of the Beast" that when the Norse gods bound the wolf Fenris, their strong fetters were unavailing, and the savage monster yielded only to the silken band?

Mr. Underwood resembles Mr. Sterling in too great uniformity of pressure. He calls his book "War Flames," and its final aspect in the reader's mind is suggestive of Browning's "one vast red dread burnt-up plain." His book is an aggregate or conspectus of war and its horrors, grouped by nationalities. The generous intention is largely defeated by the failure to perceive that mere bulk in misery no more arouses pity than a mountain of plum-pudding would provoke appetite or an army of odalisques would kindle desire.

In Mr. Van Dyke's "Red Flower" the patriot has, in a strictly military sense, "relieved" the poet. If the patriot in the reader relieves the critic, he will eagerly welcome the confident and fearless idealism of Mr. Van Dyke. The book recalls the fervors of the sixties, and I feel sure that the poet would encounter an enemy with the same gallantry with which he faces a platitude. After all, he may be right. On an actual battlefield originality would be an impertinence, and poetry in war time may copy the usage of the field.

"Poèmes des Poilus"—to which Robert Herrick supplies an interesting preface—is composed of French letters and verses in which wounded poilus express their gratitude to benefactresses in New England. The book is touching and cheerful, the more touching for its cheerfulness. It may be warmly recommended to lovers of France; its possession will enrich the buyer, and its purchase will aid a charity. At a time like this both reasons will appeal to the book lover.

Mr. Patrick MacGill has seen service and can write verse. He reflects that a conjunction of this sort should be procreative, and "Soldier Songs" is the outcome. Metrically, the poetry is really good; concretely—pictorially—it is fair; structurally and artistically, it is unbraced. Mr. MacGill has the proper amount of feeling, of pathos, of humor, of realism—exactly the proper amount. Of the robustness one might expect from a sometime farm hand or navvy, there is hardly a trace. The man who drops a shovel to take up a pen is excusable for imagining that the latter implement is lighter and frailer than it really is.

Private Skeyhill, Lieutenant Turner, Captain Horne—the rank of these gentlemen in the musters of Parnassus is suggested by their military titles. Mr. Skeyhill, one of the least courtly recruits whom Mars has turned over to Apollo, blurts out truths which have meanings for the thoughtful. Lieutenant Turner, slap-dash and offhand, a literary Rough Rider, has written two poems, "The Rag-Time Army" and "A Minor Operation," which merit perusal by the verse-lover and preservation by the annalist. Captain Horne, better brained and trained for literature than the two others, has brought the trench across the straits and across the ocean in the revelatory "Dolores," has achieved in "Mons" a precious document which a few touches more or less might have rendered precious to art, and in "Diplomacy" has done a thing that is consummate on its unkempt, satiric plane. Captain Horne died at twenty-nine in the attempted rescue of a comrade.

Mr. Middleton's Canadian bark is of light tonnage and small draught, but scuds briskly before the patriotic breeze. Mr. Crawshay-Williams, agreeably and discerningly modest in his self-estimates, is spirited in the "Conquerors" and happy in the shy, tiptoeing versification of "At the Last." Mr. Studdert-Kennedy is dramatist enough to like the rôle of a Tommy in his "Rough Rhymes," but is preacher enough to be unable quite to lay aside his own. I am reminded of the cat playing woman in La Fontaine who, at the sight of a mouse, leaped from her husband's side, and pursued it in her proper shape. For Chaplain Studdert-Kennedy the mouse is a moral.

Mr. Clarke's "Treasury of War Poetry" impresses me as a sensible, tasteful, and compactly ample thesaurus. Mr. Wheeler's "Book of Verse of the Great War" should commend itself to Mr. Hoover as literary war-bread: half is wheat flour and half is—substitute.

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# The Child's War-Time Vacation

THE school vacation has begun. After the first few days of untrammelled delight, the question arises as to how the long months are to be spent to the child's greatest advantage. Parents differ as to vacation practice. Shall a child run gloriously wild through the summer only to pinch his scratched feet into prisoning shoes (like poor Kim) and his rebellious spirit into a confining desk for a painful period of readjustment when school opens? Or shall he keep his hand in by daily contact with his speller and arithmetic? Some communities are blessed with play schools or day camps, but most families face a vacation singlehanded. If a child has a fondness for reading, the problem at first appears simple: let him rejoice in his outdoor freedom, but let the lower shelves of the bookcase be plentifully stacked against the hot noon, the rainy day, and the fireside hours. "What books?" The question, after all, is not so easily answered.

A little girl solemnly addressed her Teddy Bear: "You're six years old—old enough to talk about the war." Six not only feels qualified to talk about the war, but spells out the headlines. Eight demands stories of other wars, still preferring the battle-axe to the machine gun. Ten determines to master the history of the world, to see how the war came about. Twelve is equally expert on submarines and aircraft. But all of them must have "real" books; those warmed over and diluted no longer tempt the youthful appetite. Yet how little provision is made for these eager tastes! The rest of the family is reading the latest war books. Shall the children be turned loose on these?

It is hard to realize just what life means to the child growing up in war time. To us whose childhood had a happier setting, it seems that the nightmare must end and the wonted day break again. But to the little ones about us, this is the only world they know. Through history and the imagination we must help them to get and to hold a perspective. And this reading must largely be at home, as the tendency of many schools at present is towards narrower, rather than more liberal, education. As the school year leaves the active child little time for home reading, his best chance of orienting himself is in vacation.

The New York Public Library has prepared careful lists of reading on Patriotism and Heroism, giving chapter and verse, which are very helpful to parents and to children who have had the chance to acquire the public library habit. With these lists at hand as valued reminders of the old books, one instinctively turns to the publishers' bookshelves to see what new books are meeting the new conditions. Disappointment is written on nearly every cover. There are a few new scout books and additional volumes in series intended for the long-suffering boy or girl. "I forget them as fast as I read them," sighed one child as she began on the latest number. Some children, like their elders, may prefer to have their pleasures labelled. To these, to be part of a uniformed patrol trudging single file after a red fish pennant is to enjoy fishing. Such boys will find interest in "Don Strong, Patrol Leader," or its English counterpart, "The Wolf Patrol," a much better book, though a less likely tale. A new type of hero crops out in "A Champion of the Foothills," an agricultural paragon to whom cornbreeding is even more thrilling than the perilous encounters with wild beasts which opportunely relieve the tedium of farming.* The West is still the Happy Hunting Ground for the author of juvenile books,† and Indians, outlaws, and ranchmen cut their capers as obligingly for this generation as for the last. "Bird Woman" will be welcomed by those who have learned to class Sakajawea, the dauntless Indian girl who, with her baby on her back, guided Lewis and Clark across the Rockies to the Everywhere-Salt-Water, with her more notorious sister heroine, Pocahontas. Mr. Schulz has gathered from Indian and other sources stories of the girlhood and after life of this remarkable woman.

The "Sioux Trail" has Mr. Altscheler's full allowance of adventure, but it is "The Oregon Trail," welcome in a new pocket edition, which will be worn with much reading.‡ "The Blue Jays in the Sierras" are not the noisy birds one expects, but are five little children experiencing the delights of mountain camp life. Very few books are offered for little brother and little sister, save the "Why-so Stories" of animals, and two of Mr. Burgess's Mother West Wind's hybrid perennials. Children who "like their animals straight," as one of them said, may take their enjoyment elsewhere. Considerable variety is found in Miss Walker's three small volumes of "Stories for Bedtime."

Kinship with other lands§ is somewhat unsuccessfully suggested by "A Boy of Bruges," a vaguely pallid tale, in the Little Schoolmate series, and "Two Children in Old Paris." The mother of two little American girls keeps a charming journal of their rambles in Paris, but the literary and historical allusions make the book more of a pleasant remembrancer to other parents than a reality to children. "Some Nursery Rhymes of Belgium, France, and Russia" make a most attractive colored book of songs, though awkward English translations seem out of place below the familiar French faces of Boutet de Monvel's children.

Of the season's output, three new books‖ will be welcome to the whole family: "Twenty-two Goblins," tales from the Sanskrit, which is at once ushered to the royal divan reserved for the Arabian Nights; and a charmingly spontaneous little story, "Polly's Garden," which has something of the atmosphere of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," without its sentimentality; and "Jolly Polly"—a most winsome little relative of the well-known Arabella and Araminta. But this row of books has little to do with our present need, and the books for this summer's reading must be chosen from those already well thumbed. If one were fortunate enough to have access to the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, maintained in Boston by the Women's Educational and In-

*_Don Strong, Patrol Leader_. By William Heyliger. Appleton, $1.00.
_The Wolf Patrol_. By John Finnemore. Macmillan. $1.50.
_A Champion of the Foothills_. By Lewis Edwin Theiss. Doubleday, Page. $1.35.

†_The Oregon Trail_. By Francis Parkman, Edited by H. G. Paul. Holt.
_Bird Woman_. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
_The Great Sioux Trail_. By Joseph A. Altscheler. Appleton. $1.35.
_Stephen's Last Chance_. By Margaret Ashmun. Macmillan. $1.50.
_Strange Stories of the Great Valley_. By Johnston Grosvenor. Harpers.

‡_The Blue Jays in the Sierras_. By Helen Ellsworth. Century. $1.25.
_Why so Stories_. By Edwin Gile Rich. Small, Maynard. $1.25.
_The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk and of Bobby Coon_. By Thornton Burgess. Little, Brown. 50 cents each.
_Stories for Bedtime_. By Abbie Phillips Walker. Harpers. 3 vols.

§_A Boy of Bruges_. By Emile and Tita Cammaerts. Dutton. $1.50.
_Two Children in Old Paris_. By Gertrude Slaughter. Macmillan. $1.50.
_Some Nursery Rhymes of Belgium, France, and Russia_. By L. Edna Walter and Lucy Broadwood. Macmillan. $2.

‖_Polly's Garden_. By Helen Ward Banks. Macmillan. 75 cents.
_Twenty-two Goblins_. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. Dutton & Co.
_Jolly Polly_. By Gertrude Smith. Small, Maynard. $1.00.

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dustrial Union, the responsibility could be considerably lightened. Even at a distance, however, one can profit by their selective catalogue. Such a wisely conducted shop is vastly different from the ordinary Children's Department of the commercial bookstore, and should play as valuable a part in the community as the public library.

A few suggestions from recent experience may not come amiss. One mother delighted her little flock by reading the Odyssey (Professor Palmer's translation), the Iliad, Nibelungenlied, parts of the Kalevala, Roland, Sir Thomas Malory, and the Cid, letting them make their own plays from these. A nautical father started off with Hakluyt and Marco Polo, sailing with all the mariners and having "Two Years Before the Mast" as a climax. A group summering in New England, with a brief history of the world as a starter, and the promise to come back to each country in due season, settled down comfortably to enjoy the history of their own country, reading half a dozen books abreast, of which the undisputed favorite was Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair." The families were, of course, personally conducted by these young enthusiasts to all the historic sites which they could compass in New England. A cousin in New York, bent on the same subject, dragged his parents up and down the Hudson, through the Cooper country (as Cooper in his case supplanted Hawthorne), and then crossed over into the Connecticut Valley, following up Parkman and the French and Indian wars. One mother read aloud by request Dickens's "Child's History of England." At various points, as in the old game of "Travel," she "stopped over three counts to read one of Scott's novels," and was surprised to have the eight-year-old announce that he "yearned for the detail of Scott." Whenever Dickens represented the French or the Scotch in too unfavorable a light, he would also say, "Now please read what the French and Scotch say about it." Having a connected idea of English history added vastly to his pleasure in reading Howard Pyle and Stevenson, "Scottish Chiefs," and "Westward Ho."

French history will naturally be widely read this summer by those whose brothers are even now helping to write that history. With a little help beginners in French can enjoy Mlle. Bres's "Mon histoire de France" and Mlle. Ducoudray's "Cent récits d'histoire de France." The trouble with most English stories of France is that they are written from a British point of view. Among the available translations is that most wonderful of all war stories, "The Reds of the Midi," by Félix Gras.

In all this reading, which may more often be helped out satisfactorily by the supplementary readers issued by the educational publishers* than by the story-books of the booksellers, the child gets a backward glance at the world as it has been, but also constantly finds contact with the world as it is to-day. A unique instance of this was in the case of a lad who during the past winter read for the first time "The Talisman." He naturally became absorbed in the Crusades, which for the moment were more real to him than the battles of to-day. But the week after he finished the book he glanced at the morning paper and there read the sequel. He was thrilled in a way never to be forgotten: "Jerusalem is taken!" he shouted. "Jerusalem is taken! Oh, wouldn't Cœur-de-Lion be glad!"

**Work and Play in Colonial Days.* By Mary Holbrook MacElroy. Macmillan. 40 cents.

*How Man Makes Markets.* By William B. Werthner. Macmillan. 40 cents.

*The Boys' Book of Engine Building.* By A. Frederick Collins. Small, Maynard. $1.25.

# BOOKS

## A History of the Limited Monarchy

*An Outline Sketch of English Constitutional History.* By George Burton Adams. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.75 net.

PROFESSOR ADAMS has made a deep impression upon the study and teaching of English constitutional history, but it is to specialists and teachers, rather than to the general history-reading public, that his previous writings in this field have been addressed. In the present volume he undertakes to give in condensed form and non-technical language his personal interpretation of the English Constitution in its historical growth.

Mr. Adams rightly emphasizes the ecumenic character of the English Constitution. Too often we allow ourselves to think of it as a system peculiar to England. In reality it belongs, in varying degrees, to almost every modern people. Two facts explain the spread of English political institutions throughout the world: first, the spread of the English race by colonization, carrying with it naturally and inevitably the laws and institutions of the homeland; second, the copying, more or less conscious, by alien peoples of the English Constitution. When the absolute monarchies of the Continent of Europe were falling before the forces of revolution and reform, liberals everywhere looked to England as the exemplar of political liberty, and in many cases frankly borrowed her institutions. Wherever the representative legislature, responsible government, and guarantees of individual liberty exist to-day, there is indebtedness to England; this is as true of countries that are republican in form as of those that are monarchical. But no country outside the British Empire is so peculiarly and palpably English in its laws and institutions as our own. All of what is fundamental in our political system—the supremacy of law over the Government, the representative system, individual liberty, the sovereignty of the people—is derived from England and from nowhere else. This fact the relatively superficial differences between a republic and a constitutional monarchy should not be permitted to obscure. With us, however, there has been no importation of an alien system; the process has been one of inheritance and adaptation. The thread of Anglo-American institutional history was not cut by the American Revolution.

The title of Mr. Adams's book does not accurately describe its contents. It is rather a treatise on the limited monarchy than an outline of English constitutional history as a whole. We look in vain for any account of the growth of the judicial system, Chancery, the Privy Council, the offices of state, and other institutions which fall within the scope of the title. Even though the principle of limited monarchy, the conception of the king as subject to the law, is the vital element in the formation of the English Constitution, still the story of its growth and final triumph is not the whole of English constitutional history.

What is most original and significant in Mr. Adams's teaching is explained in large measure by the background from which he approached the study of English institutions. He is not an Englishman, and, unlike Freeman, Stubbs, and the other classical constitutional historians, his outlook has never been insular. His earlier historical work

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had been in the field of Continental, and especially Frankish, feudalism, and it was his belief in the feudal origin of the English Constitution, and particularly of the limited monarchy, that first turned his attention to its history. The weight of recent expert opinion, based upon laborious investigation in the sources of mediæval English institutional history, much of which Mr. Adams has himself inspired, undoubtedly supports his argument. The central government of England, he holds, is of Norman-French, rather than of Saxon, origin; modern political institutions have grown out of the feudal assembly of the Anglo-Norman kings; and the limited monarchy is derived from the idea of contract implied in the feudal relationship between king and barons. What Magna Charta did, to quote Mr. Adams,

> was to lay down two fundamental principles which lie at the present day, as clearly as in 1215, at the foundation of the English Constitution and of all Constitutions derived from it. First, that there exist in the state certain laws so necessarily at the basis of the political organization of the time that the king, or as we should say to-day the Government, must obey them; and secondly, that if the Government refuses to obey these laws, the nation has the right to force it to do so, even to the point of overthrowing the Government and putting another in its place.

Magna Charta does not indeed contain any formal statement of the right of deposition, though it legalizes temporary insurrection if the king will not obey the law, but Mr. Adams insists that the right was logically involved in it, and that the principle upon which the nation acted in the political revolutions that followed, in 1327, 1399, and 1689, is to be found in its famous sixty-first clause. With the rapid decline of feudalism as a political system in the thirteenth century, and the beginnings of a national organization of the state, the earlier idea of a feudal contract between king and barons broadened out into the conception of a contract between king and nation. After the period of the Lancastrian Government, which, according to Mr. Adams, was almost modern in form, came a reaction to practical despotism under the Tudors, a despotism which the Stuarts strove to provide with a theoretical and philosophical basis. But divine right and royal absolutism were finally swept from the field by the revolutions of the seventeenth century, which assured the triumph of the fundamental principle of the Constitution, the subjection of the Government to the law. The growth of the Cabinet, together with the extension of the franchise and the restriction of the powers of the House of Lords, has made possible the existence of a democratic republic under the forms of a monarchy. Such is Mr. Adams's interpretation.

It is, as he would probably be the first to admit, a purely institutional interpretation, and as such it cannot fully explain the English Constitution or the limited monarchy. For, as Mr. Adams has himself said elsewhere, there are in all institutional history two sets of causes. There are environmental conditions which make new institutions necessary, and there are old institutions upon which these conditions act to transform them into new institutions. Expressing the same fact in another way, we may say that there are two factors in the production of every crop of institutions, soil and seed, and both are necessary. An acorn dropped in the desert does not grow into an oak. Granted that the contract idea of feudalism is the seed whence has grown the English limited monarchy, that idea does not adequately explain the limited monarchy. There was the same idea in French feudalism, but the French monarchy became absolute, not limited. The soil, the environmental conditions, which enabled a conception common to all feudal relationships to grow in England alone into limited monarchy, with all that is implied in that term, lies outside the realm of institutional history.

## Japan Misinterpreted

*Japan:* The Rise of a Modern Power. By R. P. Porter. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.25.

THREE years ago the writer of this book brought out a much larger treatise on the same subject, bearing a title almost identical, "Japan, the New World Power." In the interim death called him, when the present volume was still unfinished. His son, with the help of friends, has put the work in its final form. The intention being to popularize the subject in this handier volume, a platform style has been adopted, relating the events in Japanese history to contemporary Biblical or European happenings. The reader is referred, for instance, to the doings of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt, as synchronous with the tribute levied by a certain Japanese Emperor Sujin on a Korean prince; the Ainus are "the Basques of Japan" (not a particularly happy term, for the Ainus are not associated with mountain climbing); Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu are the Fairfax, Cromwell, and Monk of their time. And so the narrative proceeds, always hovering on the edge of dangerous analogies when not actually falling into deep water.

In his early chapters the author treats of the early period when "the Japanese Government was reorganized on Chinese lines" without ever mentioning the native cult of the sword, so alien to Chinese traditions, and sure in time to cause a parting of the ways. In the height of the Chinese assimilation period, in fact, an Emperor worked privately as a blacksmith, forging swords! This is a praiseworthy, if unhappy, attempt to focus Japan in history, for not only is the real drift of Japanese political life missed, but outside international life is misinterpreted. The Jesuits, who play so important a part in sixteenth-century records, had originally landed in Japan under the Portuguese flag, and their work there had been so effective that Gregory XIII, in 1585, granted the whole of the empire to the Jesuits as their proper field. Consequently, the arrival from Manila, as attachés of the Spanish Ambassador, of Franciscan and Dominican propagandists, was considered as an intrusion by the Jesuits, whose base was Macao. But the author, who uses the inept phrase "the Jesuitical form of Roman Catholic Christianity," speaks of the Franciscans and Dominicans as considering the "newly formed Society of Jesus" an intruder in Japan. This jealousy between the orders and the flags, due to the unwise intrusion from Manila, had much to do with the decision of the Japanese Government to close all relations with the Occident; for the Portuguese were restive under Spanish arrogance.

The book had its inception in good journalistic work done for the London *Times* in the Orient, after the author had made a reputation in the field of economics. The matter is trustworthy, so long as the author keeps strictly to the journalistic field. His summary of the educational changes in Japan between 1858 and 1894 is strangely misleading. The admirable work of Verbeck, Murray, and other American educators in secondary and higher education is ignored; the name of the Doshisha University does

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not appear with Waseda and Keio Universities, although (while of Christian missionary origin) it is a distinct force among the unofficial institutions of the higher grade. No mention is made of the excellent work in engineering and technology done by the Imperial College of Engineering, associated with the work of John Milne, our greatest name in seismology; Edward Divers, the chemist, and other experts. The glaring blunder is made: "French influence declined in the eighties, and German took the place of the French language, particularly with medical and engineering students." While it is true that medical instruction in modern Japan has been in German hands, although a contingent from Edinburgh appeared for a short time in the early eighties, yet engineering has always been quite as distinctively British-American. In the university organized in Tokio by Verbeck in the seventies, which, with the amalgamation of the Imperial College of Engineering in 1886, became the Imperial University of Japan (the only university until 1898), two members of the faculty were Sir Alfred Ewing, a distinguished engineer, now principal of Edinburgh University, and J. A. L. Waddell, one of our leading American engineers—a Scotchman and a Canadian. The book, carrying "Oxford" on its title-page, the university which gave Milne an honorary doctorate in science for work done mostly in Japan, ignores British and American contributors to the founding of modern Japan.

## Modern Fiction and the Modern Spirit

*Some Modern Novelists: Appreciations and Estimates.* By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50 net.

THIS collection of thoughtful essays upon the greater English novelists of the past half-century deserves a careful reading by students of contemporary literature. Its criticism has the advantage, and the disadvantage, of a central theory: namely, that the distinctive characteristic of modern fiction is its intensification of the feeling of human solidarity, a spirit to be described as "the breath and essence of modernism." Whatever one may feel about H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy, it is something of a strain to tackle Meredith or Gissing or Conrad from the point of view of human solidarity.

The authors preface their essays with the sort of introductory apology which is just now the fashion. The theory appears to be that the war has suddenly knocked all the nonsense out of art and criticism and very clearly limited their range and quality. "The plain truth is," these critics declare, "that this war has taken the pen out of the hand of the individual critic and put it into the hand of the multitude. The only fiction which remains tolerable at all is that which speaks in a clear voice to some direct human needs created or reëmphasized by the war; the only standard of criticism worth raising is the sum of those very needs. Art must be, as never before, a ministry to need; criticism must be, as never before, the quick response of need ministered to, the indifferent silence of need ignored or travestied. Thus the war becomes a critic, and the only critic of enough scope and candor to meet the requirements of the hour. . . . War is the great satirist, the great cynic . . ." This is clever and suggestive and rhetorical rather than clear or sound. To begin with, it follows the natural impulse of the hour in exaggerating the importance of the war as arbiter of all things. The war may have helped us out of the mists of false criticism, empty æstheticism, and philandering with form at the expense of substance; but it surely has not changed the nature or the standards of true criticism. Note the elusiveness of the argument in the passage quoted: (1) The war has put the individual trained critic out of business, and (2) turned the job of criticism over to "the multitude." (3) Art is now what the public wants (in all senses) and criticism is the response of the multitude. (4) Thus the war (as well as the multitude, it appears) is critic. Finally, (5) one would infer that a real critic, like the war, is primarily satirist and cynic; and this, to return to the point from which we began our circular journey, seems a good deal to ask of "the multitude." The passage, as detached, is not a fair example of the author's method or manner; but it suggests a certain bent towards brilliant phrase-making at the expense of meaning.

Our special affair here is the examination of modern fiction in relation to the modern spirit of solidarity: "Not the æsthetic, not the didactic, then, is our affair: rather the whole set of means and expedients judged in the light of the ultimate end they serve, and with heed to the service rendered, by means and end together, to the indestructible and universal craving for the knowledge that is brotherhood." The dozen novelists treated of are paired off somewhat over-neatly under such labels as "The Will to Believe and the Will to Doubt" (Meredith and Gissing) or "The Beauty of Order and the Beauty of Freedom" (Wells and Galsworthy). Hardy is "the specialist in place" and De Morgan "the specialist in time." How, for instance, does the latter fare here? As for solidarity or whatever, it is acknowledged that De Morgan "expressed practically no philosophy at all"; he is shown as a Victorian of the Victorians, exponent of a system "by no means modernized, but specialized, extended." We very much doubt this judgment; for we suspect that the irresistible quality in De Morgan, for our generation, lay in his knack of fusing present and past so that we could not see one apart from the other—the modern motive from the "Victorian" dress. A single and conclusive example would be the whole idea and situation of "Somehow Good"; a situation startlingly modern, from which Dickens or Thackeray would have turned away in horror, and an interpretation which subjects of the unco' good Queen would have thought a denial of all virtue. Yet public and critics appear to have accepted it as Victorian in spirit as well as manner—even the present critics, though they note Sally as "the modern out-of-door girl at her matchless best." What sly satisfaction De Morgan must have taken in the success of his "camouflage," or, let us say, his easy disposal of the new wine in the old bottle! Over-subtlety and over-ingenuity are the perils of these commentators. They are especially good on Wells and Bennett. Galsworthy, for his workmanship and his social earnestness, is taken somewhat more worshipfully than his total achievement warrants. He is seen as so glorious in his consistency of "message" and beauty of style that his sterile and unwholesome sex-taint passes unnoticed. Whatever its limitations, certainly there has been no recent book of American criticism to compare with this for readability and suggestiveness; unless one name Stuart P. Sherman's very different volume, "On Contemporary Literature"—a study as clearcut and conservative, not to say reactionary, as "Some Modern Novelists" is blurred and eager and modern.

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# Notes

THE *Nation* Index for January–June will be printed in a small edition and mailed to libraries on our subscription list and to such other subscribers as apprise us of their desire for it.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY announce the early publication of "American Problems of Reconstruction," a symposium to which have contributed many of the best-known economic, financial, and sociological experts of the United States.

In the near future Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish "Mary Elizabeth's War Time Recipes."

IN his Essays on the Reform and Revival of Classical Studies, to which he has given the title "Our Renaissance" (Longmans, Green), Professor Henry Browne, of the University of Dublin, has had two purposes in view: one to support the classics against the host of present-day detractors, the other to assist certain reforms in the teaching of the classics which he regards as essential to their vitality. In general we agree with him in his method of pursuing his first purpose. If the classics, amidst the multiform calls on the scholar's time, are to maintain their position, it will be because they have a living and important message for the life of to-day, over and beyond their own artistic excellence. Professor Browne does well, we think, to protest against the view, fairly common since the days of Pater, that the Greeks were primarily an æsthetic people, and to emphasize their political wisdom and religious feeling. On this last point he is especially convincing; for the comfort of religion the words of the greatest Greek poets and philosophers have still a meaning which the world cannot well afford to lose. In the matter of reform, Professor Browne emphasizes the need of bringing in the aid of archæology by way of visual illustrations. He guards against the exaggerated claims to which the newer students of archæology are somewhat prone, and altogether his recommendations and exhortations are worthy of serious consideration.

THE "soul" with its ancient and related problems is a conception which the professional philosopher of to-day studiously avoids and the technical psychologist rules out or interprets away. Neither neglect nor interpretation, however, can altogether abolish it, and from time to time the unprofessional philosopher brings it back for our consideration. This is what Mr. Edmund Holmes does for us in his little "Tract for Teachers," which he entitles "The Problem of the Soul" (Dutton; $1). It cannot be said that he solves the problem, but his discussion of this ancient question is full of suggestiveness and interest. Man's chief point of differentiation from the lower animals, in Mr. Holmes's opinion, is the almost unlimited extent of his latent possibilities. This is not true of his bodily powers, but of his spiritual potentialities only. But once we realize this fact and its significance, we have no right any longer to dodge the old problem of the origin of the soul, which modern philosophy has so rigorously shelved. As a fact, four answers have been made to this question which, in the author's opinion, exhaust the possibilities (for he seems to be unaware of Royce's suggestion as proposed in "The World and the Individual"). These four answers are: (1) the supernatural creation of the soul at the birth of the body; (2) the protoplasmic origin of the soul; (3) the epigenesis of the soul—its formation through the influences of the environment; and (4) the theory of reincarnation. Mr. Holmes discusses each of these theories briefly but, on the whole, rather brilliantly, and decides in favor of the fourth theory. In his opinion, it possesses all the merits of the other theories without their difficulties; it has a place for all the undeniable facts without appeal to the supernatural and without the contradictions of materialism. If the reincarnation theory be true, moreover (and the author is by no means dogmatic about it), the potentialities of human nature must be even greater than had been supposed —perhaps truly infinite. The same conclusion is suggested by a consideration of the varying degrees in which different men are able to identify themselves with their fellows. But the limit which these variables approach is plainly nothing short of the whole universe—the One Life which flows through all. So brief a presentation of Mr. Holmes's argument as is here given inevitably produces a less favorable impression of this little book than it deserves. There is nothing dogmatic, nothing sentimental nor *sloppy* about its method. One may read it without conviction and yet find in it a pleasing echo of the larger sweep of ancient metaphysics and a welcome contrast to the prosaic technicalities of contemporary epistemological discussion.

SUBSTANTIALLY only a cross-section of the half-dozen or so volumes of the "Souvenirs entomologiques" that have already been published with such titles as "The Life of the Fly," "The Life of the Grasshopper," "The Hunting Wasps," is presented in "The Wonders of Instinct: Chapters in the Psychology of Insects" (Century; $3 net), by Jean Henri Fabre, translated by Alexander T. De Mattos and Arnold Miall. The book opens with that charming autobiographic chapter on The Harmas—"an abandoned, barren, sun-scorched bit of land, favored by thistles and by wasps and bees," which was truly Fabre's Earthly Paradise. This chapter appeared in "The Life of the Fly" five years ago. Again, the new volume includes one chapter on The Pine-Processionary, whereas there are six chapters on this subject in "The Life of the Caterpillar." In only one important respect does the recent volume of selections differ from those already published—or projected—by Dodd, Mead & Company in their pretentious series: it is illustrated with a score of full-page reproductions of photographs that will be welcomed by every reader save the professional scientist. Twice as many half-page illustrations would have been twice as useful; indeed, it is unfortunate that the Dodd, Mead translations were not equipped according to some such plan. Even Fabre's vividness is not sufficient for such ocularly minded people as most of us are.

## Contributors to this Issue

GEORGE P. WEST, of the editorial staff of the *Public*, is a careful and sympathetic student of the American labor movement.

CARL H. GRABO is instructor in English in the University of Chicago.

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UNDER the title of "Daniel Webster in England" (Houghton Mifflin; $4.50), Edward Gray has edited an interesting journal kept by Harriette Story Paige, a relative by marriage of Grace Fletcher, the first wife of Webster, who accompanied the Webster family on a journey to England in 1839. The journey was unofficial; but Webster's fame had preceded him, and the names of Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, Grote, Dickens, Palmerston, Wellington, and a score of other literary and political celebrities, which besprinkle these lively pages, testify to the cordial welcome which he received. The visit included, besides London, a rapid "grand tour" by coach of the provinces and of Scotland and Wales. If Webster expressed any opinions regarding English politics, few of them found place in Mrs. Paige's journal. He did, however, view with misgivings the effects of the Reform bill of 1832. He is quoted as saying that one effect of the bill had been "to turn most of the Whig members out of the representation of the counties, and most of the Conservative members out of the representation of the large and populous towns; he apprehends this may lead to an injurious clashing of interests and feelings. He thinks, also, from all he can learn, that the old aristocracy is more exclusive, and inclined to bear a sterner part towards men not of their order, than they were before . . . especially towards those persons of liberal politics who owe their importance principally to their money." He thought it doubtful "whether the Reform bill has not rather embittered than soothed the social interests and feelings of the community, because while it has made one step, and a very important one, towards the equalization of political power, it has left the inequality of personal condition as great as it was before, and much more likely to be complained of." The volume, issued in a limited edition, is a handsome example of book-making.

THE republication of Maurice Baring's "A Year in Russia" (Dutton; $2.50) is to be welcomed at the present moment. It was a significant year that Mr. Baring recorded in his diary, a critical year in Russian history, for in 1906–1907 was enacted the first act of the drama which came to a climax in March, 1917. Although written for a daily newspaper, these impressions possess a permanent value because they belong to a writer who, besides his keen power of observation, is endowed with a philosophical outlook and with a fine appreciation of things imponderable. Mr. Baring is neither conservative nor liberal; he hates political parties and invariably disagrees with the one he encounters. Ever critical and searching, the author preserves objectivity and perspective. He flits from Moscow to Petrograd and back, interviews celebrities of different camps, attends sessions of the Duma, talks to his cabmen on God and Russia, goes off to the country, where he communes with Nature and quotes Virgil and Renan on contemporary events, and relates all these things without flippancy, but with that reserved humor and rare proportion which charm us in most of Mr. Baring's productions. His style abounds in images and similes whose beauty is as poignant as their truth. What could be more apropos, for instance, than the comparison of the policy of Nicholas II with that of Rehoboam, and the summing up of the Russian situation in 1906 in the words of the Biblical passage on that young king, who threatened to use scorpions in place of his father's whips? The choice which the last Romanov made then sealed his fate. Rather than trust the people's representatives, he preferred to rest on the bayonets of his soldiers, not foreseeing that such a position might be uncomfortable.

ALTHOUGH Luber in 1875 scarcely succeeded in proving that Weber's "Freischütz" was derived from the Hindi Pachisi book, yet this collection needed no adventitious aid to make it worth translating. The task has been gracefully done under the title "Twenty-two Goblins," by Arthur W. Ryder (Dutton; $3 net), who has Englished the Sanskrit version with discreet modifications. For about a thousand years the original Vetāla-Pañcavinçati has delighted India, and despite the simplicity of the stories even a Western audience may well find pleasure in them. Why the Twenty-five Tales should appear as twenty-two is not difficult to see (the original has only twenty-four); but "Twenty-two Goblins" seems a misleading title for one goblin telling twenty-two tales.

SUMMER is the time for Red Cross plays and pageants—a season of rapture for children, though too often one of dread for parents and teachers. Miss Virginia Olcott has tried to help solve the problem of suitable plays for such occasions by preparing nine little scenes, "Patriotic Plays for Young People" (Dodd, Mead; $1.25), relating to food conservation, industry, garden production, and other timely topics. Unfortunately the excellence of the idea is not borne out dramatically. "Historical Plays for Children" (Macmillan; 40 cents), by Grace E. Bird and Maud Starling, though intended primarily for school use, are so simple and interesting as to appeal strongly to young actors. The earnestness of the authors, however, is carried to some amusing extremes, as in the play about William Penn, where a note explains that "Quaker dialect, though used by the Quakers, is omitted because of its faulty English." More ambitious plays, which may be fittingly given out of doors, are those in Miss Netta Syrett's "Robin Goodfellow and Other Plays" (John Lane). Of these, "Princess Fragoletta" and "Old Toys" appeal to the childish imagination and sense of fun, and are more daintily fairylike than the title play. Miss Ethel Sidgwick's "Four Plays for Children" (Small, Maynard; $1.25) smack of British roast beef. Haensel and Gretel gain nothing disguised as Davy and Doreen, and all are pervaded by an adult (and questionable) humor.


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# Art

## The Degas Sales

THE Degas sales have opened most the eyes of those

> Who look before and after
> And pine for what is not.

The heirs hastened to sell, first the great painter's collection, and next what he had kept of his own work. Each sale was, diversely, illuminating. All his life long Degas enjoyed financial independence. This, Matthew Arnold said in the like case of Ruskin, lends itself to provincialism, or private wilfulness towards the community. In collecting and in painting himself, Degas from first to last sang the song of such independence. Degas was severer on the picture buyers of Philistia than Ruskin on its building. "In my time, artists did not arrive," he said to a young painter who asked best how to succeed with the buyers. Degas could never understand the reasons in picture buyers' hearts.

There was something American, too, about Degas, something like Whistler, who had been his friend. Arsène Alexandre says Degas was born in New Orleans, and his family is known there in finance. When a man, long after he began painting, he went and saw America, and his outlook showed the influence. Parisian in the Boulevardier and in the Bohemian sense, he was never a Parisian of Old Paris nor even a Parisian who had broken birth's invidious bond of French provinces. Limit as he would his outlook to Paris streets, or to ballet dancers, there was something of the outsider's curiosity in his wit and in his vision of men, women, and things. Yet no French artist could have painted less for the pervading foreigner.

In his collecting, Degas, while far from universal in taste, has been a lesson to those who love art for art's sake. In his own painting, while narrower still, he was the same. The prices paid at his sales do not show that the buyers had learned the lesson, or, indeed, knew they needed it. Art, like religion, verifies what Pascal said: "The heart has reasons which reason knows not."

The painter's art, wholly and solely, is in two things. He has to "design" visible shapes or, as we say loosely in English, "draw" lines and contours, surfaces and reliefs, bodily shapes and perspectives—and in this Degas was a great judge and a great master. On the flat picture the painter also reproduces colors that clothe natural shapes and bathe perspectives in the light which tempts the soul from her inner life, as St. Augustine says, and feeds St. Paul's lust of the eyes—and in this Degas narrowed and exasperated his vision under a light mainly artificial. So, in collecting, he had wonderful samples of the work of Ingres, his own master and chief of designers; and he had color extravagances of Gauguin and Van Gogh. It is the same with his own paintings and pastels.

It was supposedly for his very Parisian quality that Degas was discovered by foreigners forty years ago. Some one, perhaps it was George Moore, said Degas was the greatest master of perspective since Michael Angelo. The problems of perspective solved by Degas in the stooping shoulder-blades of his ballet dancers or in his drinking shop under side-light from the street—a triplane of floor and table tops and zinc counter—are truly more than Michelangelesque. Yet all of them together tell less of that Paris life which Francisque Sarcey said African monarchs long to see than a Moulin-Rouge poster of Toulouse-Lantrec. Degas is too high to be much more than caviar to the general.

So ends the long career of Degas, with its alternatives of unsought publicity and oblivion. The blazing out of his name in death and in these sales has cast not a glimmer of light on the future of art, which is always a part of life. The Olympian must pay his penalty. Degas held himself aloof, and, as these sales show, he remains chiefly a doctrinal influence. A lesser living example from literature is Romain Rolland, higher than humanity—*au dessus de la mêlée*.

The buying at these sales, in spite of fads and fashions, snobbishness and press agency and dealers pushing up prices for the sake of prices still more extravagant later, has been sane for the most part in its appreciation. This is worthy of note in sales aimed straight at the purses of Americans and of profiteering *nouveaux riches*—and of Germans bidding under Norse camouflage.

What diffusion of art is to result from the Degas sales? This cannot be even outlined until we know where the works he collected and the works he made are to find a local habitation. The least we can hope is that aspiring collectors, buying for press fashions and by the yard of canvas, will not docket Degas's own works under some Impressionist or Naturalist label. That cannot be true. For labels in general Degas is too great, however the coming art—*post bellum*—may perfect from his design its own new and wider Parisianism.

STODDARD DEWEY

*Paris, June 1*

# Finance

## The Next War Loan

THE Treasury's announcement that $6,000,000,000 will be raised by the Government in the next four months, in short bills maturing around the end of the period, was generally taken as foreshadowing a war loan of that amount in October. Last February, when a similar announcement was made of anticipatory short-term borrowings, the total issue then fixed was $3,000,000,000, and that was the minimum amount named in May for the third war loan. Later in the present week, indeed, a quasi-official statement was given out at Washington that the autumn war loan would be six thousand millions, and that its interest rate would be no higher than the 4¼ per cent. of the last loan.

October is a fair distance of time away from us, but the intimations of the week raise the question, clearly enough, whether that much of borrowing will be necessary and how it would affect the financial situation. For a "six-billion loan" would exceed by nearly $1,000,000,000 the largest war loan yet raised by any belligerent Government; and England's $5,000,000,000 issue of February, 1917, was separated by a year and a half from that Government's last preceding war loan, and has not been followed by another loan of the sort in the sixteen subsequent months. A loan with a minimum requisition of the size proposed would ask for twice as much as the Treasury has yet applied for, and its minimum would be $1,800,000,000 above the total subscriptions obtained for the third war loan.

There is some reason to believe that the needs of the Government at that time will be as large as that. Such a conclusion, however, is not based on any scientific examination

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of the matter; indeed, there is still an entire absence of any serious effort to sift out the probabilities. We have no budget, and nobody seems to be preparing one; the Treasury's estimates are based on the somewhat hit-or-miss plan of assuming that, because the Government's disbursements have lately been increasing at a given rate each month, therefore the increase during the coming months will be the same. Perhaps, and perhaps not. The increase may be less, or it may be more, and the Treasury's official guess of last December, that $10,000,000,000 would have to be raised in June, with a subsequent scaling down of the absolutely needed sum to $3,000,000,000, does not altogether encourage confidence in the present forecast.

Supposing the six billions to be needed, however, what would the operation mean to the financial position? On the one hand, all the experiences with our three past loans add to the conviction that the machinery for avoiding disturbance in the money market is extremely efficient, and that the readily available resources of the country for subscription have been vastly underestimated. But on the other hand, the date of issue for this huge loan will coincide with the largest autumn demand on credit facilities, in a year of probably unprecedented harvests and trade activity.

The most reasonable conclusion is that the adjustment to tighter conditions will be extremely gradual. Absorption of bank money for the purpose begins at once, will continue regularly during the summer and early autumn, and can therefore be judiciously arranged for. Whatever strain is threatened may be averted through careful distribution of the Government's own bank deposit fund, which would naturally be shifted so as exactly to offset withdrawals caused by Government's payments to the industries. When subscription time for the loan itself arrives, the burden on bank credits should be relieved rather than aggravated, since the short-term bank borrowings will be paid off with the proceeds of private subscriptions. In the meantime, however, it will be safe to anticipate recourse by the banks to the Federal Reserve, between now and autumn, on a pretty extensive scale. ALEXANDER D. NOYES

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

### ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Windle, C. A. Word Pictures. Chicago: Iconoclast Publishing Co.

### POETRY AND DRAMA

Ash, S. The God of Vengeance. Boston: Stratford Co. $1 net.
Benson, S. Twenty. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Malloch, G. R. Poems and Lyrics. Dutton. $2 net.
Myron, P. Bugle Rhymes from France. Chicago: Mid-Nation Publishers. $1.
The Lyrical Poems of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

### THE ARTS

Pond, I. K. The Meaning of Architecture. Boston: Marshall Jones. $2 net.

### FICTION

Norris, C. G. Salt. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Snaith, J. C. The Time Spirit. Appleton. $1.50 net.

### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Edwards, A. Cape Cod, New and Old. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Duclaux, M. (A. M. F. Robinson). A Short History of France. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Hopkinson, L. W. Greek Leaders. Houghton Mifflin.
John Pory's Lost Description of Plymouth Colony in the Earliest Days of the Pilgrim Fathers. Edited by Champlin Burrage. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Latourette, K. S. The Development of Japan. Macmillan. $1.50.
Merriman, R. B. The Rise of the Spanish Empire. Two volumes. Macmillan. $7.50 the set.
Smith, A. D. H. The Real Colonel House. Doran.

### NATURAL SCIENCE

Campbell, D. H. The Structure and Development of Mosses and Ferns. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Macmillan. $4.50.
McKenzie, R. T. Reclaiming the Maimed. Macmillan. $2.
Mitchell, C. A. Edible Oils and Fats. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Morgan, G. T. Organic Compounds of Arsenic and Antimony. Longmans, Green. $4.80 net.
Zinsser, H. Infection and Resistance. Macmillan. $4.25.

### SOCIAL SCIENCE

Henderson, G. C. The Position of Foreign Corporations in American Constitutional Law. Harvard University Press.
Industrial Reconstruction: A Symposium. Edited by Huntly Carter. Dutton. $2 net.
Kallen, H. M. The Structure of Lasting Peace. Boston: Marshall Jones. $1.25 net.
Ross, E. A. Russia in Upheaval. Century. $2.50 net.
Thompson, C. W. The New Voter. Putnam. $1.50 net.

### PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Bell, B. I. Right and Wrong After the War. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Coffin, H. S. In a Day of Social Rebuilding. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Knowlson, T. S. Originality. Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Newton, R. H. Catholicity. Putnam.
Thomas, J. B. Religion: Its Prophets and False Prophets. Macmillan. $1.50.

### EDUCATION

Anglade, J. Grammaire Elémentaire de l'Ancien Français. Librairie Armand Colin.
Cody, S. Word-Study and 100 Per Cent. Business Speller. How to Do Business by Letter, and Exercises in Business Letter Writing. Revised edition. Yonkers, N. Y.: World Book Co.
Hildebrand, J. H. Principles of Chemistry. Macmillan. $1.75.
Kimball, G. S. Gaining the Ground Above. Dutton. 60 cents net.
The Last Decade of European History and the Great War. Supplement to Robinson and Beard's "The Development of Modern Europe" and J. H. Robinson's "An Introduction to the History of Modern Europe." Ginn. 25 cents.

### THE WAR

Abbey, E. A., 2d. An American Soldier. Letters. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Adam, J. The Schemes of the Kaiser. Translated by J. O. P. Bland Dutton. $1.50 net.
Barrès, M. The Faith of France. Translated by E. Marbury. Houghton Mifflin. $1.60 net.
Collins, V. D. The Boys' Military Manual. Stokes. $1 net.
Draft Convention for League of Nations. Macmillan. 25 cents.
Genet, E. War Letters of Edmond Genet. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Gibbons, H. A. The Question of Alsace-Lorraine in 1918. Reprinted from the Century Magazine.
Gibbons, H. D. Les Turcs ont passé par là! Paris: Berger-Levrault.
La Fête de l'Indépendance Américaine en France. Conférences Franco-Américaines, 4 Juillet, 1917. Paris: Jean Cussac.
Y. The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport. Translated by G. F. Norton. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

### JUVENILE

Cammaerts, E. and T. A Boy of Bruges. Dutton. $1.50 net.

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# Summary of the News

AUSTRIA'S offensive, launched against Italy on June 15, came to an inglorious end on June 23 and 24, when the retreat on the Piave almost became a rout. The Italian army under Gen. Diaz now holds the further bank of the Piave, and is pressing its attacks with tremendous vigor. The plateau of Montello has been cleared of the invaders, who are now on the defensive, while the Italians are driving towards the line of Conegliano-Oderzo on a front of twelve miles. The Austrians, after gaining a foothold on the Montello Plateau, had overrun the southern end of the Piave Valley to a depth of four miles, and continued to attempt a farther advance up to June 20, when the Italians succeeded in penning them in and inflicting sanguinary losses. Rains that converted the Piave into a rushing torrent came to the aid of the defenders, and on June 22 the unsuccessful Austrian drive had come to a standstill. Premier Orlando informed the Italian Chamber of Deputies that the battle had been won, although the offensive might be resumed in another phase. Cut off from their bases of supply by the floods and harassed by the strong Italian counter-attacks, the Austrians on the west bank of the Piave began on June 23 to evacuate the territory they had won. The Italians, unofficially, place the Austrian losses at 180,000, with immense stores of food and ammunition.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S food situation has become a serious menace, not only to the Dual Monarchy, but to the Central Powers as well. In spite of possible exaggerations, it is clear that the relief afforded by food from Russia and the Ukraine has proved wholly inadequate, and while parts of Hungary seem to have an abundance of food, in Vienna and some of the larger cities of Bohemia there is scarcity approaching the danger point. Ex-Premier Tisza declared in a speech to the Hungarian Parliament that in many provinces of Hungary there is only one-third the food necessary to maintain the population in health, and the weekly food ration in Austria proper has again been reduced. Workers and small office-holders are finding it difficult to maintain existence, while absolute famine threatens Prague and other Bohemian towns, as well as many Galician towns. As a result of these conditions, there is danger of an uprising among the working people in Bohemia, while in Galicia the disturbances are of an anti-Semitic character. In Vienna serious rioting has occurred in protest against the reduction of the bread rations. As a result of negotiations, the German Government has sent a certain amount of grain to Austria. Emperor Charles has reserved his decision regarding the resignation of the Austrian Cabinet, and Premier von Seydler is still directing affairs.

THE German offensive on the western front has remained almost at a standstill since our last report, although numerous local assaults have been carried on at various points, the chief of these being an attack on the salient of which Rheims forms the head. Here three German divisions advanced on a fourteen-mile line, with the regular bombardment of shot and volumes of gas, smoke, and explosive shells, only to be repulsed with fearful losses without even an initial success. Another surprise attack was launched against Mount Bligny, on the eastern wing of the Champagne salient. The enemy gained a foothold here, but was later ejected by the Italian units on the western front, and the Allied line was completely reëstablished. Heavy raiding has continued in Flanders along the southern leg of the salient, the British as well as the Germans carrying on these raids for the purpose of obtaining prisoners and gaining information. Southwest of Arras the British used tanks for the first time in a trench raid near Bucquoy. These big engines drove around for two hours, clearing out the enemy positions, in spite of strong opposition and heavy machine-gun fire.

AMERICAN troops on June 20 stormed German trenches in front of Cantigny, northwest of Montdidier, capturing a few prisoners and killing many of the enemy by rifle and machine-gun fire. On the Marne the Americans attacked the German line northwest of Château Thierry, advancing more than half a mile and driving the enemy back on the northern side of Belleau Wood.

AMERICAN forces are pouring in on the western front in a growing stream, 100,000 men having been sent during the week of June 15-22, according to Gen. March. Nine hundred thousand Americans have at present been shipped across the sea, and the United States is five months ahead of its programme for sending men to France.

IRELAND is to have neither conscription nor Home Rule, according to the announcement of Earl Curzon on June 20. Earl Curzon said that the discovery of the Sinn Fein plot in May and the action of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy to resist conscription had altered the situation since the time when the Government announced its policy of conscription and Home Rule for Ireland, and that it was now necessary to adjust its policy to circumstances. Critics of the Government are assailing it for this complete change of policy; and the statement of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Edward Shortt, that it was not desirable or necessary at present to institute prosecution for treason against the Sinn Feiners recently arrested, although there was sufficient evidence, also called forth criticism of the Government's methods. As a proof of the effect of the British Government's ill-advised action, it is announced that Arthur Griffith, the Sinn Fein leader arrested in the round-up in May, has been elected to the House of Commons by a majority of 1,212 over the Nationalist candidate. According to newspaper reports, the Nationalist Members of Parliament will, on June 23, return to their seats, which they have refused to occupy since the Government's stand on conscription. Meanwhile, Viscount French is pushing the recruiting campaign by which it is hoped that 50,000 Irish volunteers will be enlisted before October.

RUSSIA has been successful in eastern Siberia in forcing Gen. Semenoff to retreat into Manchuria, and the Cossack movement against the Soviet Government has been frustrated. Meanwhile, the Soviet Government at Moscow, definitely established against civil attacks, has concluded a foreign loan with Germany, as a guarantee for which it will grant Germany wide exploitation of Russia's natural resources in the form of numerous concessions; but at least half the mineral output of the Caucasus and the Krivoy-Rog regions is guaranteed to Russia.

CZECHO-SLOVAK efforts against the Bolshevist Government have cut off communication by way of the Siberian Railway and stopped traffic on the River Volga. A shortage of food and vessels at Baku has been preventing oil shipments, and, as a result, the Volga River shipping is stopped, and the factories along the river bank are closed. European Russia is deprived of its Siberian grain supply by the cutting of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and strong measures are being taken accordingly against the Czecho-Slovak organizations, against whom War Minister Trotzky has ordered the mobilization in the Volga district of all men of the last five military classes.

TURKISH forces have occupied the districts of Urumiah and Tabriz, in northern Persia, but the distance between the Turkish and British armies and the poor means of communication possessed by the Turks prevent this advance from being a serious menace at present to the British expeditionary army in Mesopotamia. The report of the sacking of the American hospital at Tabriz and the seizure of the American and British Consulates is not yet officially confirmed.

PROFITEERING in war contracts by department clerks, secretaries of high officials, and professional agents has been reported by the Department of Justice, while the Federal Trade Commission has charged that beef unfit for human consumption has been sold to the army and navy by a Chicago packing firm. The Western Union Telegraph Company, too, is charged with sending night letters and deferred messages, paid for at the regular rates, by train, at the expense of the railways. These scandals, recalling those of the Spanish-American War, have attracted wide attention, and the Government is acting promptly in looking into the business and punishing the offenders.

THE refusal of President Newcomb Carlton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to abide by the decision of the National War Labor Board and allow its employees the right to join unions has again brought the question of Government control of telegraphs to the fore. The fact that Mr. Carlton has even declined to accede to President Wilson's request that the company suspend, for the period of the war, its rule barring its employees from membership in the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America, is considered by leaders of the union as proof that the directors of the Western Union are deliberately forcing the Government to take over the enterprise. At present President Wilson seems intent to avert a seizure of telegraphs.

THE defeat of the Non-Partisan League at the primaries in Minnesota on June 17 was decisive. Mr. Lindbergh, the League's candidate for Governor, was defeated by Gov. Burnquist, the present incumbent and "regular" Republican candidate, by more than 50,000 votes. The issues of loyalty and patriotism were used to defeat the League candidates, while a confusion of their aims with those of Socialism also weakened their position with conservative elements of the population.

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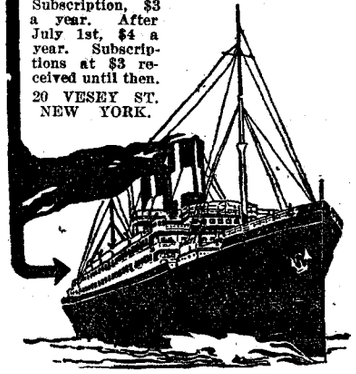

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